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OF CAUSES.

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To think that everything has a cause is not the same as to know the cause of anything. Nor does a knowledge of any special cause necessarily imply an understanding of what a cause is. The purpose of this essay is to attempt to make clear what is a cause ; and to show that a man's mind has a knowledge of itself as a cause ; of matter as a cause ; and of the Creator as a cause. They who are familiar with the great controversy about causation will perceive the relations to different schools of the views which shall be presented. Space does not permit much more than a brief statement of my own opinion with some of its reasons.

The several views of the chief writers upon causation may be classified as follows :—

- I. They who define a cause to be a form of being which precedes newer forms of the same being.
- II. They who define a cause to be something which is unconditionally and invariably antecedent to, or present

with something else, in order that the second thing may exist.

III. They who define a cause to be something which by its power makes anything to be, or to do anything.

A cause, in my judgment, is anything which by its power makes anything else to be, or affects itself or anything else. Causation does not consist, as the first class affirm, in mere changes of the forms of existence; but in the exercise of power by which such changes may be made, and by which new beings are brought into a new existence. Causation does not consist, as the second class declare, in mere antecedence, or in coexistence; but in the exercise of power by which one thing makes anything else begin to be, or forces another thing to receive its influence, or coerces different things to exist together. Causation is simply the exercise of power.

To justify this statement it is necessary to give an account of the meaning of power, the exercise of which is causation. How do we know that it is power by which a man's mind is a cause, by which matter is a cause, and by which God is a cause? What is power?

To begin with the power of the mind, it can be best described by an account of the fact itself to which I give the name of power, the thing and not the name being the main object of pursuit. When I ask myself how do I think, and how does my spirit manifest itself by my bodily acts, I seek an answer from my consciousness, from my knowledge of my spirit. I find in the first place, that I am conscious of being a spirit. My consciousness that I am a spirit is an intuition of my spiritual being. Being a spirit I know that I am such. That is what I am; and the simple thought, I am, is an intuitive knowledge of the truth that the spirit, which I am, exists. My spirit and I being identical, my spirit knows itself to exist when it thinks—I am. In the next place I am conscious of doing spiritual acts. When I know that I exist, I not only exist, but in thinking that I exist I do a spiritual act. I both know that I exist, and I know that I know that I exist; or I think of myself and I am aware that

I am thinking of myself. When my mind thinks it performs a mental act, and when it thinks about its own existence, it is conscious both of existing and of acting. My consciousness of existing is an intuition of being. My consciousness of acting is an intuition of power.

The consciousness of acting must be distinguished from the knowledge of having acted. When I have said my prayers I know that I have done an act ; but while praying I know that I am doing that act. Knowledge of the power by which I act does not come after the performance of any act, and is not an inference from my having acted, but that knowledge is possessed while I am acting, is simultaneous with the action. By intuition I know that I am, and by intuition I know that I am powerful. If through my whole life I should do nothing but exist and perform the act of being conscious of existence, in that one act of consciousness I should know also the power by which I am conscious, I should know myself, and also my power of knowing myself.

My spiritual actions are various. I find myself thinking now of my spirit, now of my body, now of a part of my body, of my hand, of my eye ; now of a special quality of my soul, of my understanding, of my will ; now of my neighbor, or of a horse, or of a tree, or of the ocean. I find myself also thinking of God, and praying to him. I do these acts sometimes voluntarily, often involuntarily. During their performance I am conscious of myself not only as existent, but of myself as both existent and efficient. I know that I am, and also that I am doing something, or that my being is exercising itself. But it would not suffice to say merely that I exist thinking, feeling, willing, that I exist praying, without definitely distinguishing the exertion of the power of my being of which I am conscious whatever may be the direction of my thoughts. Nor is it sufficient to call this power a faculty of thought. I must express as fully and clearly as possible the fact which I experience as my mind uses itself, brings itself to bear upon itself or upon some other being, the consciousness of a quality by which my mind gets its experience,

a force by which it affects itself and other beings, a general power by which it works in its special faculties.

To say that my spirit can think implies to my mind not only that I have an intellect, but also that I have a power by which I exert myself, voluntarily or involuntarily, to perform with a special faculty of my being, an act which, although characteristic of a special faculty, shall be done by the same force which works in or through or by all my faculties, the force of my nature, inherent in my existence, and yet not being my existence, but a trait, a quality of my being—its power.

This general power of the soul, as has been intimated, is not the will. The will is the faculty by which a man determines to try to accomplish what he desires; and like the other faculties the will depends upon the general power of the soul for the force by which it is set. This general power is the force which fills the desires, which fills every thought, which fills the will, and which is the energy in every act of the mind, voluntary and involuntary, conscious and unconscious. The following experience shows that the power of the mind is exerted both voluntarily and involuntarily. A man often with voluntary curiosity attends to the beating of his heart, and sometimes he has an involuntary perception of a sudden pain which forces itself upon his attention, when for instance his heart unexpectedly beats very fast. His spirit's power enables it to observe voluntarily the body's feelings, and the same power makes it capable of receiving involuntarily unlooked for impressions from the body. Such involuntary experience proves also that the power of the soul works not only consciously but unconsciously with the body, whose feelings involuntarily brought to consciousness, must be unconsciously recorded by the soul at the respective moments of their occurrence. We only know what appears in consciousness, but as I constantly perceive power bringing new facts out of unconsciousness I must infer that the power of which I am conscious works also unconsciously.

It is clear, then, that knowledge of the mind's power is not relative but direct; that the idea of power is gained not by

an inference from its effects, but by an intuitive perception of power itself. The power of a man's spirit, thus known, may be defined to be the quality by which the spirit voluntarily and involuntarily, consciously and unconsciously, affects itself and other beings, receives impressions from itself and from other beings, works with its every faculty, and does its every act.

Since causation is the exercise of power, my mind being conscious of such exercise know itself to be a cause; and since experience shows that the minds of other men are essentially like my own, it proves that the human spirit is a cause whose effects are found in mind and in matter.

Knowledge of matter differs from the consciousness of mind. I know my mind intuitively, that is to say my spirit looks at itself and sees itself. But to know matter the mind looks out of itself and perceives the body, a different thing.

We voluntarily observe the body with our eyes open, and we also voluntarily attend to our physical sensations with our eyes shut. But our experience with the body is not only voluntary. When our eyes are open we involuntarily see with them and know that we see, and what we see whether we will or not. When a brilliant light is held before the eyes they are dazzled and we involuntarily know that they are dazzled. When the eyes are shut the mind cannot escape the sensations of the body. We may wish to think only of the spirit, but the body forces itself upon our spiritual attention. One may sit down in a dark room in an unpleasant state of mind when involuntarily he perceives a delicious fragrance of flowers and his mind is thus involuntarily diverted by pleasant thoughts.

From such experience as this it is to be inferred that matter has power to affect mind. The idea of power was got from the mind's intuitive knowledge of itself; and we found that the power of the spirit affected the body, or that the power of mind affected matter. Now since we find that the mind cannot escape the body's sensations, and that the body seems to force itself upon the mind's attention, it is to be in-

ferred that the body has power to affect the spirit, or that matter has power to affect mind. Since the body is different from the spirit the power of matter may differ from the power of mind; but since matter exists as really as the spirit exists, matter may as reasonably be supposed to have a power after its kind as spirit may be believed to have a power after its kind. Spirit has the power of spirit, and matter has the power of matter. The lack of intelligence and will on the part of matter does not conflict with the idea of its having power to affect mind. I simply look for the fact, and the fact is that the mind cannot avoid the body, that the body affects the mind as really as the mind affects the body, and that the spiritual power which resides in the mind, suggests the reasonable explanation that in the body there dwells a physical power.

The divers ways in which material substances act upon each other are other signs of the power that is in matter. The force of gravity, cohesion, resistance, motion, visibility, vision, chemical changes, all show that material things cause material effects. Matter then is a cause whose effects are found in matter and in mind.

What is the cause of body and soul? The spirit affects itself and the body, but it is not conscious of having caused itself or the body. The body affects other matter and also the spirit, but the mind is not conscious of depending upon matter as the cause of its life, and neither the body nor any matter compels us to believe that it caused itself. Our existence is independent of our own will and knowledge. Whether we hold one theory or another about existence, or are without any theory, we nevertheless exist. Even when we doubt our existence we still exist. Whether awake or asleep, whether intelligent or idiotic, whether an adult or a new-born babe, every human being exists without any effort on his part to exist. If at this moment we should determine to do nothing either to prolong or shorten our life, we should yet exist as really and as comfortably as ever until the time should arrive for practising the next habit of health, of sleeping, of eating, or of exercising; and if we neglected that, then, howsoever

unhealthy or uncomfortable we might be, we should exist body and soul together until we died, and then the body would still exist in some material form, and the soul would still exist in some spiritual state. Whatever I am that am I whether I will or no, and whether I understand myself or not. But I have not only this negative consciousness that I do not cause myself, I have also a positive consciousness that my spirit stands upon something real, and as really as my feet tread the ground, does my mind tread upon a reason for its being. I am conscious that my being depends upon the power of a greater Being, and since, as I have already shown, to know the power of a-being is to know that-being in action, my consciousness of the power or force which supports my spirit is to that extent a knowledge of the being that is the cause of my existence. My body forces itself upon my spirit's attention as a material cause, and my Creator forces himself upon my attention as the supporter of my soul's existence. Thus I find that I have an intuitive knowledge of God. Far as I am from perfectly knowing God, I yet know something about him, I know that he is the Cause of my life, and that I commune with him in my finite way.

Since all matter of which we know shows signs of working according to an intelligent power, it is to be inferred that the Cause of our spirits is also the Cause of all the matter of which we know, as well as of all the souls of which we know. The Cause of all things of which we know in the universe, is probably the Cause also of all things that exist beyond our knowledge, the Cause of all things known and unknown by man. These inferences contradict nothing in our knowledge of mind or matter, and present a simple and reasonable view.

What then is the cause of this great Cause of the universe? The Cause of the universe is the ultimate fact of our knowledge. We feel this power sustaining our souls, we see the effects of this power in material nature; and that is the bottom of our knowledge about cause and effect. We can know the spirit of a man to be a cause; we can know matter to be a cause; we can know the Creator of the

universe to be a cause : and this knowledge is a daily experience ; but these are all the causes which we know. Nor is it necessary according to the view of causation which I have advanced to imagine a cause of the cause of the universe, and a cause of that cause, and an endless series of causes. I have spoken of what we know, and not of what we imagine. Nor is it impossible for us to conceive of the idea that a being may exist without a cause. We can conceive with equal reasonableness of one kind of a being existing with a cause, and of another kind of a being existing without a cause. We may be unable to comprehend the whole nature of either being, but we are nevertheless able to think some thoughts about the nature of each ; we are able to think that man is caused by the Creator, and that the Creator exists without a cause, an independent being who is the First Cause. If at this moment we were able to ransack eternity, the only way by which we could discover the first cause, would be to find the cause which preceded all the other causes, and now without such an opportunity we find one cause preceding all the causes of which we know. Having reached this being our knowledge of causes stops, we can go no farther ; and according to knowledge and reason this being is the First Cause.

The subject of cause and effect involves the vexed question of the freedom of the will. How can we reconcile the ideas of the divine cause, and the human cause ; of the necessity of divine providence and the freedom of the human will ?

Man is a being created by his Maker with power, and with a necessity to use his power. Man is an agent who must do something. It is impossible for a human soul to do nothing. We are all under the necessity of acting. We are all agents by necessity.

But we are not only agents who must do something ; we are moral agents who may do right or wrong. We are not free to do nothing, but we are free to choose between right and wrong. Morality involves liberty of choice, and since we are moral beings our liberty is as necessary as our exist-

ence. It is necessary for us to be what God makes us to be; that is to say we are by necessity effects of the divine cause; but we find that God has made us moral beings, who freely cause good or evil. A part of the necessity which abides in our souls is our moral freedom. We are not entirely free agents, for we must act; we are morally free agents, for we can choose between good and evil. The two facts, man's necessary agency and his free moral agency may be reconciled as follows: The power which man exerts by divine necessity, receives its direction from the will of man, who can cause effects within himself; and thus while man acts necessarily by the will of God, who forces him to do something, he acts freely by his own will, which determines what he does.

To sum up the results of this examination: I have found that I, a spiritual being, am conscious of possessing and using a power, inherent in my being, in whatever I do; that this power is not the same as my will, nor confined to my will, but is felt in every faculty, and pervades my whole being, filling every voluntary and involuntary thought and feeling with whatever force such sentiments have to affect my mind or my body; that my knowledge of my power is a direct intuition of this quality, this spiritual fact of my being; and that I thus know my spirit to be a cause of some of its own states, and of some of the states of my body. From this I have inferred that the spirits of other men, which seem to be essentially of the same nature as my own, are likewise causes of some of their own states, and of some of the states of their bodies; in a word, that the human spirit is a cause.

I have also found that the spirit cannot avoid impressions which appear to be forced upon it by the body, and having gained the knowledge of spiritual power from the spirit, I infer that the body has a material power by which it affects the spirit. The events of nature show also that matter affects matter, and consequently I infer that this is done by its material power. Matter is thus discovered to be a cause.

I have also found that our existence, soul and body, is independent of our own will and knowledge; that we exist whether we will or no, whether we think about existing or not; that I am conscious of being supported in existence by the power of a greater being; that this consciousness is an intuitive knowledge of the cause of my being; that the cause of my spirit is probably the cause of my body, and of all the spirits and bodies, of all the mind and matter known to me; that the cause of all things of which I know is probably the cause of all things known and unknown to me; that this great cause, antecedent to all known causes, is the ultimate fact of my knowledge, and must be believed by me to be the first cause. I thus know that God is a cause.

I have also found that the relation between the Divine Being as the cause by which all things are necessarily what they are, and a human being as a cause which, although created, may do right or wrong, is the reasonable union of the necessity of a man's doing something, and the freedom of his choosing to do good or to do evil.

Finally we have to ask why is causation necessary? Why did the Creator ever exert his power by which nature and man were started? The answer is that God does not exist and act because it is necessary for him in the same sense in which we necessarily live and do something; God does not spring from necessity; but the necessity which we know springs from God. His necessity and freedom are his own uncaused, original nature, while our necessity is our caused created nature, and our moral freedom, necessary in itself, is in concord or discord with the other necessary conditions of our nature, according to our choice to ignore and disobey or to know and obey the Creator's laws. The ultimate fact of knowledge is the being of God, the Cause of all things; and this truth is also the first principle of reason.

JESUS AND THE GOSPELS.

BY W. H. FURNESS, D.D.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN order to succeed in this examination, it is not necessary that we should be acquainted with their origin and history. I have attempted to show how they came to be written and to assume their present shape. But if the attempt is not considered satisfactory it makes no difference. We do not need to know how, or when, or by whom they were written. The lapidary can tell a precious stone though he knows not where it was found, or through what hands it has passed, and though you tell him the most improbable stories about it. We are to treat these writings as if they were anonymous, and had just come to light, discovered in some Eastern monastery.

If the success of such a study were ever doubtful, it cannot be so at the present day, when Science, by examining and cross-examining, is compelling all material things, the sun in the heavens, the remotest stars, the invisible air that we are breathing, all to tell what they are made of, and is able to detect in any compound the presence of any substance in never so minute a proportion. Can the naturalist, from the fragment of a bone or the scale of a fish, reconstruct the animal to which it belonged ages ago? Can he detect and weigh and measure infinitesimals? And shall not things made by hands, the writings which men have composed, when interrogated by the Spirit of Truth, which is thus searching all things, even the deep things of God, — shall not they also be forced to answer and declare, in a way intelligible to the most ordinary understanding, whether they be fictions or records of facts? *

* One of the most striking illustrations of the force of internal evidence is Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. For a very beautiful example of the peculiar power of this species of evidence, see *Letters Addressed to Richard Heber*, a little volume that appeared some time before Walter Scott avowed the authorship of the *Waverley* novels, the object of which

Happily, in the case in hand, the writings to be examined, these accounts of Jesus, are, on the face of them, of a kind that assists the discovery of their true character greatly. They are not abstract discourses, dissertations dealing in abstruse and mystical generalizations. They do not tell us of things that happened in a corner, or in the night, or in the air, away from the actual world. They are narratives, abounding in incident, constantly, without any appearance of constraint, referring to times, persons, places, and taking for the scenes they describe well-known localities. What an explicit report they give of themselves in this last respect, M. Renan bears significant testimony, in that, when he visited Syria for the first time, he was so struck with the topographical truth of the Gospels, that he instantly set to work to write the life of the person of whom they tell, using them as the historical documents from which information was to be obtained of him, whom till that hour he had supposed to be all but a myth.

It is not within the bounds of possibility that fictitious narratives should make such copious references as the Gospels do to persons, times, and places, without laying bare their real character at just as many points. Every such allusion, if not founded in fact, would be only a new proof of their falsehood. As nothing but truth is consonant with truth, and as every truth is all-related, fictions, in pretending to be true, virtually make public proclamation, and subpœna the whole world of things, animate and inanimate, to testify as to their character. "When there is a detail of many minute particulars," says Archbishop Whately, "and when to these we apply a close and, as it may be called, microscopic examination, the contrast between truth and fiction will generally be very striking. Something like this is the difference between the works

was to show that Scott's poems and the Waverly novels were written by one and the same person. By those who read that argument upon its first publication, no further evidence was desired to satisfy them that Scott wrote the novels. His avowal was altogether superfluous. It could add no strength to the conviction of his authorship which the Letters produced.

of nature and the works of art. An artificial flower may be so skilfully made as at first to deceive the eye even of a botanist, but when that and a natural flower are both exposed to the solar microscope, we at once perceive the contrast. The petals of the natural flower, when viewed with the microscope, appear even more delicately veined than when viewed by the naked eye, while those of the artificial flower look like coarse canvas." And the Archbishop goes on to say that "it would be a curious, and not an unprofitable task, to draw up a criticism of 'Robinson Crusoe,' showing that there are in a tale, which, beyond all others, has been oftenest mistaken for a true history, such improbabilities as amount to a complete disproof." Without attempting the proposed criticism of this world-wide known story, the learned prelate specifies eight particulars in which it violates truth and probability.* If this celebrated romance, which gives us in great part the history of only one person, and the scene of which is a remote unknown locality, could be thus disproved by internal evidence, how much more easy would it be to expose the fictitious character of the Gospels, if they were fictions, seeing how freely and abundantly they refer to a numerous group of persons and to a great variety of well-known places!

Another characteristic of the Gospels, of the first three particularly, visible throughout their whole texture, and helping us greatly to determine what they are, is their artlessness. They seldom or never stop to make explanations, or to put what they relate in a plausible light. There is no anxiety betrayed to make out a case. And, what is most remarkable of all, there is not the shadow of an appearance that their authors were ever for a moment aware that they were portraying the characters of the persons of whom they make mention. They have strung a variety of incidents together with little or no idea, apparently, of their connection and consonance one with another. Never were narrators, to all appearances, more entirely off their guard.

* Miscellaneous Remains from the Commonplace Book of Richard Whately, D.D., edited by Miss E. J. Whately. London, 1865.

Most assuredly, such being their character, were the Gospels out and out fictions, they would have demonstrated themselves as such long ago, to the satisfaction of the most ordinary intelligence, as the apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy has done. At all events, if these narrations are not true stories, or are to any extent fictitious, nothing can well be easier than to decide these points.

I do not, however, undertake to affirm that it will be an easy thing so to set forth the internal evidence of the Gospels, that their true character shall be established once for all and no longer be called in question; although I have no doubt that, sooner or later, this will be done. But, whatever difficulty there is in the way, does not arise from any lack of internal evidence, or from any ambiguity attending it. It is all there, interwoven with the whole texture of these books. Whatever difficulty there is, is in ourselves.

Accordingly, it is required of us, first of all, that we should project ourselves out of our hereditary associations, and take a position in which we may read these writings with equal fairness and freedom, as if they were just put into our hands. And this is no easy matter. It cannot be done at once. Those who, impelled rather by a hatred of error than a love of truth, have done it at a single leap, have always transcended the right point of view, and rushed to an extreme whence the Gospels can be scanned only under a bias of indifference or contempt that renders hopeless a fair examination of them. When one feels deeply what an imposition has been put upon the world by false representations of the origin, character, and contents of these books, and what injury these false representations have done, he is very apt to seek satisfaction—not to say, revenge—in showing how baseless is every pretension that has been made in behalf of these writings. But this is not the temper that will guide us to the discovery of their real character and meaning.

A lesson may be taken with great advantage from the distinguished leaders in Science at the present day, who, greatly as the alleged authority of Moses has obstructed scientific

progress, betray no sign of being actuated by a grudge against *him*. Irreligious and atheistic as their results are charged with being, and although these results do really threaten to play mischief with our theogonies, yet these indefatigable inquirers evidently have but one single aim, not the confutation of Scriptural statements or popular errors, but the discovery of truth. The Church may be searched in vain for more edifying examples of faith than are afforded by our eminent men of science; their deepest conviction, unconsciously cherished perhaps, yet underlying all their investigations, manifestly being, that the actual facts of the Universe, whatever they may be, and wherever they may point, are, in all that can satisfy the understanding, and solace and animate the heart, immeasurably superior to any opinions that have yet been formed of them, however venerable such opinions may have become.

A like faith must be theirs who shall reveal to us the internal evidence of the character of the Gospels.

And yet, while we are bound, if we would know what these writings are, to read them with a single, free, and fearless eye, there are certain considerations, prepossessions, if you please, to which I confess for my own part, I cannot be insensible, and if I could, I would not. Indeed, they appear to me to be indispensable to a right conduct of this great inquiry.

One is the respect which the venerable age of these books, and the vast authority which they have exercised, naturally inspire and may justly command. With the freedom with which they are to be studied, there must be mingled a reverence, the absence of which would evince a want also of the respect for mankind which is an essential qualification for the study.

And then again, I believe it to be impossible for any intelligent and fair-minded man to read the Gospels ever so cursorily, without being struck with the wise and true things that they contain, and especially with the glimpses which they afford us of a character marked by extraordinary qualities, a character so original and great indeed, that this much at least must be acknowledged, namely, that we should hesi-

tate long before putting a construction inconsistent with it upon occasional passages, since it is obviously full as likely that the narrators have occasionally misunderstood and misrepresented him as that the apparent inconsistency should be real.

It must be borne in mind that the text of the Gospels was exposed at the first, and for some fourteen hundred years afterwards, to all the corrupting influences incident to the imperfect process of Transcription, by which alone they could be perpetuated.

When it is considered, by the way, how long-continued this exposure was, and what very active and fruitful causes of error, the ignorance, carelessness, and prejudices of copyists were, it is a wonder that there is so much as a fragment of the meaning of the original writings left. The truth is, these records are, in their reality and exceeding simplicity, "too hard and stony." Like the facts which they relate, they are such infrangible stuff, that any injury, incurred from the rude and awkward hands through which they have passed, could be only superficial. Like the massive tombs and temples of the ancient world, that baffle the wasting power of time, these old literary monuments, scratched and chipped though they be, still give abundant evidence of their primitive forms and their substantial significance. There is scarcely a sentence of the Gospels that reads the same, word for word, in the numerous MSS. of various ages that have been collated. And yet, notwithstanding their tens of thousands of various readings, they all tell substantially the same story and breathe the same spirit.

But to return. Although, as the demand arose and spread for written records, it could not have been long before the work of making copies of the Gospels passed mainly into the comparatively skilled hands of professional transcribers, who were paid for their time and labor, and who were naturally ambitious to have their work done well and correctly, yet, there can hardly be a doubt, that at the first, most of the copies that were made were works of love and zeal, done by

individuals who were either eager to possess copies for themselves, or were inspired by the idea of serving the cause of the infant faith. Consequently at the first the work of producing copies was performed, not mechanically, but *con amore*, with a certain enthusiasm, with fancy and imagination all on the alert, with the voice of Jesus ringing in the heart of the copyist, and the scenes related passing vividly before his mind. Such copyists, although they were naturally careful to make correct copies,—how could they refrain from allowing the lively interest which they had in what they were writing, to overflow occasionally in a brief marginal or interlinear comment, or even from introducing into the text, here and there, words or whole sentences, which, in the glow of their zeal, might seem to be absolutely necessary to it? And then when the copies thus made passed into other hands to be copied in their turn, by a professional transcriber perhaps, the words found interlined or in the margin, might naturally be supposed to be written there because they had been carelessly omitted from the text; and under this impression the copyist considered it right to restore them to their supposed proper places in the text. Such is the way in which passages may have crept into the body of these writings that did not rightly belong to them.

I refer to the probability of the occurrence of interlinear and marginal additions in the earliest copies of the Gospels. But it is questionable whether, in those comparatively rude and more imaginative times, either the first zealous transcribers, or the original reporters themselves, had any scruples about introducing at once into the text, their own vivid inferences and impressions. The composition of the fourth Gospel shows us how unhesitatingly in those days a writer mixed up his own thoughts and reflections with the facts and sayings he records, so as, at first sight, not to be distinguished from these last. In the account, for example, which is given in the third chapter of this Gospel, of the conversation of Jesus with Nicodemus, there are eleven verses (11 to 21 inclusive), which, for all that appears in the structure of the composition, seem to be intended as a report of the words of

Jesus. It requires, however, but a slight examination of the phraseology of this passage, to be satisfied that it expresses the thoughts of the writer of the Gospel. It is not only wholly unlike the way in which Jesus expressed himself,—it is the language of a period subsequent to his time.

But, however additions and glosses here and there came to be mixed with and incorporated into the text, there can hardly be a question when we consider the probable character and motives of the earliest transcribers, that such additions occurred.

The following strikes me as a case in point. It is recorded that Jesus on a certain occasion compared himself to the prophet Jonah, declaring that he stood to his generation in the relation in which Jonah stood to the people of Nineveh. This is the simple idea as given in Luke's Gospel. But in Matthew's Gospel, another idea is introduced to the effect that "*as Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of the whale, so shall the Son of Man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth.*"

Now as this thought is not necessary to give point to what Jesus said, as his reference to Jonah was sufficiently significant without it, and as, moreover, it is found in only one of the Gospels, and, finally, as it implies such a degree of prophetic power as demands the most decisive evidence to prove its existence, it is far more probable that it is an interpolation, after the resurrection of Jesus, than that it was uttered by him; an interpolation made at that early period, when, as we have seen, such glosses might have crept into the text. It has the appearance of being one of those fanciful correspondences in which the Jewish imagination delighted.

I find another instance of these earliest probable interpolations, in the account of the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman in chapter iv. of the fourth Gospel. The woman having asked which was the true place of worship, Jerusalem or Mount Gerizim, Jesus is recorded to have answered, "Woman, believe me, the hour comes and now is when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father. *Ye worship what ye know not. We*

know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews. But the hour cometh," &c. The words which I have italicized are so directly at variance, not only with his general spirit, but also with the large thought of which he was at that moment so full, that whereas he was just before hungry and athirst he was hungry and athirst no longer, that it is much more likely that these are the words of some bigoted Jewish copyist, and that they got into the text very early, in the way, perhaps, which I have suggested, than that Jesus should have uttered them.

It is true a man may say very liberal and very narrow things in the same breath. But this is so when the liberal things are hear-says and the narrow are his own. It is not credible that, exalted as the mind of Jesus evidently was at that instant by the grand idea to which he was giving utterance, he should have abruptly descended to give entertainment to a narrow Jewish sense of superiority to the Samaritans. This outbreak of Jewish pride is much more likely even to have come from John than from Jesus, supposing John to be the narrator,—from John, who was once so eager to call down fire from heaven upon the Samaritans. The very definition of true worship that Jesus here gives, virtually declares Jews as well as Samaritans to be worshipping what they knew not.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact, than which nothing in the accounts of Jesus is, to my mind, clearer, namely, that the great truths which he uttered were to him all fresh and alive, no stereotyped hear-says, no barren, speculative sentiments. They flowered out in their full bloom from his inmost being, and had all the strong vitality of that. They come from his lips, it is true, very frequently in the form of general propositions, and he would seem to be dealing in stale, barren abstractions. But it must be borne in mind, for it is of vital importance to a right understanding of the Gospels, that the same forms of speech, in which abstract truths are enunciated, constitute the very language of passion. Deep feeling leaps to the employment of general and universal terms. As it was so often upon occasions and under the

influence of emotion caused by some particular incident that Jesus used this mode of expression, we may fairly infer that he habitually spoke as he was profoundly moved. What are trite commonplaces to us, uttered mechanically and listened to without thought, came glowing from his lips with all the freshness and fire of personal conviction, breaking upon the ear like revelations. Such being the case, it is not at all likely that, in the very heaven-kindled heat of the grandest truths, he should give expression to a low prejudice, especially when it is considered how full of such prejudices they were, through whom we receive all the knowledge that we have of his utterances.

But whether the foregoing be cases in point or not, it is obvious that, at the first particularly, before they came to be held in the superstitious veneration which, in course of time, they commanded, and which, in subsequent ages, was their protection against any gross and violent changes, these writings, existing only in manuscript, were unavoidably exposed to manifold corruptions and amplifications, to this extent, at least, namely, that no authority can be allowed to single words, phrases, or passages that are not in intimate accord with the body of the history, and with truth and nature. It is very doubtful, for instance, whether the exact words ascribed to him in Matthew xvi. 18 were uttered by him: "*Upon this rock will I build my church.*" These words savor of a subsequent age, as does also the only one other passage, still more strongly, in Matthew xviii. 17, where Jesus is made to speak of the *church* as an existing institution. There was no church in the time of Jesus, nor did he found any church. He organized nothing. The church was an apostolic establishment.

There are no MSS. of the Gospels now extant that date farther back than the third or fourth century. It has even been questioned whether the oldest copies are older than the ninth. There was, then, a period, at the first, of some hundreds of years, when such additions as I have mentioned may have been made. This is more likely to have happened in that

earliest time: first, because the letter, not yet regarded with the superstitious reverence in which it came to be held, was treated with more freedom; and, secondly, because the labor of transcription was then, as I have said, a labor of love, and was performed, not mechanically, but with the lively interest in the contents of these writings which would be apt to accompany the text with comments and glosses that easily passed into it. And not only so, it is very possible, I repeat, that devout copyists, all aglow with the thoughts which the text suggested, might occasionally confound their own more or less fanciful inferences with the text, and weave them into it as, in their view, necessary parts thereof.

There is another thing to be kept always in view. The sayings and acts of Jesus are reported to us in the Gospels by persons, some idea of whom, of what manner of persons they were, may be gathered from these, their writings, and from what we can learn of the age and country in which they lived. They were evidently Jews with Jewish modes of thinking and speaking. They were not persons of any great culture, nor of the educated class. They were not at all of a sceptical or critical character. On the contrary, they were persons of much simplicity, credulous, if you please, very susceptible of wonder and awe, and, consequently, seeing things through the magnifying medium created by these emotions, and sharing, doubtless, in the superstitions of their country and time.

It follows that the history of Jesus is told in the Gospels in a way peculiar to the age and place in which their authors lived. The image they present of him is not reflected by a pure white light, but through a colored medium, for which constant and careful allowance is to be made.

While we have in the character of these writers, as above described, a satisfactory warrant of the truth of those things that they tell us about Jesus which are above and far in advance of these, his reporters, yet, whenever they ascribe to him whatever savors strongly of their own fashion of thinking, it is to be considered, whether, in this case, they fairly

represent him, whether their statements are not unconsciously colored by their peculiar prepossessions.

It is true, Jesus was himself a Jew, born and brought up in an age that had its peculiar ways of thought and speech, in which, the presumption is, that he, like his biographers, shared. But the great and interesting question is: To what extent did he share in them? In his whole tone and spirit, so far in advance was he of the time in which he lived, and, in certain respects of this nineteenth century even, so much more of the Man is visible in him than of the Jew, that, when in these records he appears in a strong Jewish light, we may reasonably doubt whether it come from him, or whether it be not thrown upon him by his reporters.

To set forth in any degree of fullness the internal evidence of the substantially historical character of the Gospels would require volumes. The subject is, in fact, inexhaustible. In so far as these books are historically true, there is no limit to the correspondences existing between the facts narrated and truth, the truth of human nature and of all nature. Their internal evidence appears, not only in the undesigned consistency of their various parts, but also in their consistency with all that is known, and all that remains to be known. Every truth being, in the nature of things, related to all other truths, summons all other truths to vouch for it.

There is one representation of Jesus that has recently been proposed, and in such different and learned quarters, that it calls for a particular examination. It is said that, notwithstanding the great comprehensive truths that he uttered, the wonderful wisdom and the self-renouncing spirit that he manifested, he yet had a political end in view. *Theodore Parker* somewhere states, that amidst the cloud of fable that envelops the history of Jesus, glimpses are afforded of political results aimed at by him. There are others who hold similar opinions. *M. Renan* represents Jesus as the dupe of a vision of political power to be obtained.

Was it really so? Had Jesus in view a great outward revo-

lution which he was fanatically bent upon bringing about, a revolution substantially the same that his countrymen were then passionately looking for? What authority is there in the Gospels for such a representation of him?

There is, at the outset, a strong presumption against it arising from the fact, to which I have already had occasion to refer, that, if there is anything plain concerning Jesus, it is, that he not only had a singularly profound insight into those truths which he uttered, those truths that "shine aloft like stars," recognizing their breadth and supremacy as who has yet done before or since, but that they were the living, full springs of his personal being. Now, if there is any virtue in great truths, it is to exclude all self-seeking aims when they thus have possession of the whole heart, and are one with the blood. The evidence is abundant in every page of the Gospels that the truths which he spake were not, I reiterate, mere traditions and abstractions to him, but the vital and ever active elements of his life. He continually enunciated them, not formally, didactically, but extemporaneously, on occasions, in a way that shows that they were things that did not hover vaguely before him, as they do before us, in the cold region of the speculative intellect, but lay nearest to his inmost consciousness, nay, were identical with it. "*Ye have heard that it has been said, but I say to you,*" was his language. He made relentless war upon traditions.

And since it was thus with him, to suppose him capable of worldly aims, however disguised, is to forget the power which Truth has, when it has thus become Flesh, to fill the whole being with light, to make sharp the eye, and to keep the heart free and pure. It must needs be that it was thus vital in him. How else, in his unparalleled spiritual solitude, moving straight on to the awful fate which was ever full in sight, could he have borne himself, as he habitually did, with such perfect self-possession, always equal and more than equal to every emergency? To say the very least, he is the last person to be suspected of so gross and fatal a weakness as he must have been the victim of, if the representations, that have recently been made of him, be true. Not until we have

fully entered into his sphere, shall we be authorized to harbor such a suspicion.

There is another thing which, upon a careful study of the record, is equally clear concerning him. He knew the significance of Suffering. He had "plucked out the heart of that mystery." And he clearly discerned the nature of true power, which is, utter self-renunciation, the endurance of all things, even death, "for righteousness' sake." It is plain to me that, from the very outset of his public career, his mind was made up to an early and violent end. What he counselled those to do who proposed to follow him, there can be no doubt that he himself had done: he had counted the cost. He could not have committed himself to the course which he pursued without long and earnest deliberation. And, knowing his own aims and the temper of the time, as all that is told of him shows that he did, he could not be ignorant of the result when the two should come in collision. He could not be blind to his inevitable doom. It lay in the nature of the case that he should see what was before him. Taking in view his knowledge of his fate, we may have some idea of what it must have cost him to resolve to go forth from his obscure condition and meet what awaited him, and how natural it was that his first step should be, as it was, a solemn, public, baptismal self-surrender to his high calling.

How great his emotion was on that occasion, and how profound and inspiring was the spiritual experience through which he passed when he took that first, irrevocable step, the step that costs, towards actualizing his high purpose, is shown in the bold figures of speech which his raised imagination prompted, to describe what he then felt.

What a deep-seated conviction, what a first, fundamental thought it was with him, that neither he, nor those who might join their lot with his, had anything to look forward to on earth but persecution and death by violence, appears over and over again in his recorded sayings. "Blessed are the *poor in spirit*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Whoever may be meant by the persons thus designated, we may safely understand the benediction, whatever else and more it

may signify, as equivalent to, "Blessed are the *unambitious*, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Again, "Blessed are they who suffer for the right, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "If any man will follow me," — do as I am doing — "he must take up his cross and hold himself under sentence of death, and on his way to execution." "If a man hate not father, and mother, and wife, and children, *yea and his own life also*, he can be no follower of mine." Could anything but the profoundest convictions have suggested such strong language as this?

From these and similar passages we learn with what purely moral or spiritual ideas the mind of Jesus was filled. "The kingdom of heaven," which pictured to his countrymen the vision of a magnificent political empire, was, in his view, a condition, to the entrance into which, wealth was an obstruction all but insurmountable. It was the power that comes through suffering and self-sacrifice. It was, as Paul afterwards came to understand, "peace and joy in a holy spirit of mind." By Jesus it was spoken of under a variety of aspects, and always some moral truth, some fact or law of the spirit is the conspicuous feature in his representations of it.

In the first announcement of it, made in the same terms by both John and Jesus, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," the reference is to the approaching demonstration of the eternal Providence in the downfall of the Jewish nation, the signs of which were visible in the corruption of the people and their spiritual leaders. They saw things tending to the ruin which was consummated in a little more than a quarter of a century after their time.

"That 'the kingdom of heaven' was, essentially in the mind of Jesus, only another name for the moral government of the world, is apparent from those many parables which illustrate his ideas of the divine order. With the exception of a brief word here and there, there is hardly a syllable in the first three Gospels, that gives the slightest color to the suspicion that any vision of personal greatness ever crossed his imagination, save as an evil suggestion to be instantly repelled. But there is much that discloses his deep and set-

tled conviction that his lot was suffering and death. "*I have a baptism to be baptized with,*" he once exclaimed, "*and how am I agonized till it be over.*"

A most significant passage is that which relates that, when he was on his way from Galilee to Jerusalem, where he looked for nothing but to be arrested by the authorities and put to death, and the crowd of country people who attended him thought that "the kingdom of heaven" was on the eve of being established, the mother of two of his disciples came to him petitioning that he would promise them the two highest places in his kingdom. His answer to this petition instantly lays bare the heaven-wide difference between his idea of greatness and theirs. Their minds were glowing with the vision of a throne. His thoughts were of a deadly cup of suffering and a flood of woes about to overwhelm him. "*Can you drink of the cup that I am to drink of?*" was the interrogatory that he instantly put to the two brothers in reply, "*and be baptized with the baptism that I am to be baptized with?*" Is not his inmost mind unveiled to us in these words? Do they not show what was passing there, not visions of regal splendors, but images of suffering and agony? And when the other disciples were angry with the two brothers for thus trying to steal a march upon them and secure an unfair advantage, the definition which he gives them of personal greatness — does it not raise him at once high above the suspicion of cherishing political aims? "Kings and lords," he says, in effect, "exercise authority over the nations, but not so is it to be among you. If you would be great, look not to be served but to serve, even as I have come, not to receive service, but to do it, even to the sacrifice of my life."

The interest of this passage lies in its showing, not merely that he was above all vulgar political ideas of greatness, but that it was no mere intellectual abstractions, but the very life of him to which he gave expression, and this appears from the natural, unstudied manner in which his utterances came. This it is which I hold to be of vital importance to a right appreciation of him to perceive. The purest wisdom flowed from his lips like his breath, with an unconsciousness, at once

child-like and sublime, that he was saying what centuries are only slowly learning to understand. The things that he said were no formal matters of prescription, repeated by rote, upon set occasions, but the impromptu outpouring of his inmost self. For the most part, wise words are apart from the speaker. What men say is one thing, what they are is another. But Jesus spoke what he knew, of himself, what he was.

How sensitive he was to the idea of being supposed to pretend to any official authority, appears in the manner in which he repelled an application for his influence in the division of an estate: "*Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you!*"

It is such passages of his history as these that negative most emphatically the supposition that he cherished thoughts of political power and personal greatness. His whole bearing is at variance with the notion. Never did he assume any authority but that which is indeed the highest: the authority inseparable from personal truth.

But, did he make no claim to the office of the Messiah, the great Deliverer, who, as his countrymen were passionately expecting, was to appear with preternatural accompaniments and reign with unprecedented glory?

That his disciples came firmly to believe that he was that personage, that they made faith in his Messiahship the first condition of the Christian profession, and that, even after his disappearance, they looked for him to come in that character, there can be no question.

But that he himself made pretensions to that office in any Jewish sense of it whatever, is by no means as clear. If he did, how happens it that, according to the first three Gospels, when he was asked once and again what were the conditions of eternal life, he interposed no personal claims of his own, but declared the love of God and man the two great conditions, than which there were none greater? How is it that in these same Gospels, his allusions to the Messiah are so uniformly in the third person, and that he nowhere dwells upon any representation of himself as arrayed in the outward splendor inseparably associated with the Jewish idea of the Messiah?

Taking these points into view, namely, that, as he is represented in the first three Gospels, he never required any acknowledgment of his official authority as the Messiah, and that he so often spoke of the Messiah in the third person, always representing himself as one doomed to suffering and death — taking these things in connection with the fact that the report of what he said comes to us through those who confidently believed him to be the promised Messiah, is there not some ground for suspecting that their faith in his Messiahship has unconsciously modified their representations of him? * To what extent cannot yet be determined.

How easy and natural it was for his reporters to put their ideas occasionally in the place of his, is strikingly shown in the story of the rich young man, who inquired of Jesus what he should do to obtain eternal life — a story woven throughout of truth and nature. When Jesus, under the deep sense, created by the case of this prepossessing youth, of the inability of the rich to submit to the self-denials inseparable from the service of truth (the kingdom of heaven), declared, in the unqualified language of deep feeling, that it was impossible for a rich man to enter the heavenly kingdom, and his disciples, who had no idea of the kingdom but that all were to be rich there, were exceedingly astonished at the declaration, and one of them alarmed at the idea, instantly demanded what they were to get, they who had left all to follow him, Jesus replied, according to the third Gospel, that every one who joined him in the work of regeneration would receive a hundred-fold in this life, and hereafter, life eternal. In so saying he did but state the law of compensation written in the nature of things. He who devotes himself to the service of Truth, suffer as much as he may, is rewarded a hundred-fold now and forever. No man can begin to do for it as much as it does for him, though he resign every earthly blessing to serve it. But in the first Gospel it is further stated, that Jesus said that "*his twelve disciples should sit on twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.*" Now, is it not vastly more probable that this idea of twelve thrones for the twelve disciples was their understanding of what the hundred-

fold compensation was to be than that Jesus should make such a promise? And are we not justified in concluding that the first Gospel gives us here, not what he said, but their understanding of what he meant?

The case is simply this: The impression made by the general tenor of the Gospels is plainly, that in what Jesus said of the approaching kingdom, it was a moral state of things, a radical inward regeneration, that he had in view; while it is equally clear, on the other hand, that those around him, through whom has come all that we know of him, were fully persuaded that the kingdom of heaven was an outward institution which was to bring high honors and untold wealth. There was this wide difference between him and them. Are we not bound to have regard to it in reading these accounts, lest we do him the injustice of ascribing to him ideas which existed only in the imagination of his reporters?

For my own part, when I think how much in these wonderful Records, once dark and dead to me, has gradually become luminous and alive with the unmistakable features of Truth and Nature, my faith grows strong that there is a great deal more of light and life to break forth from them, only let them be studied with freedom and fairness. Whether what is ardently desired and has been repeatedly attempted without success, a connected narrative of the life of Jesus, will ever be written, may be doubtful. Certain it is that the literary structure of the Gospels furnishes very imperfect means for the preparation of such a narrative. If the missing links of the story are ever to be discovered, they are to be found only in those moral relations of the events recorded which the study of the internal evidence of the Gospels brings to light. In the meanwhile, I rest in the conviction that the more thoroughly they are sifted and the better they are understood, the more natural, the more original, and the more inspiring will be the Idea of Jesus that we shall obtain from them, and he will stand confessed, the representative without a peer of man's higher nature, the pledge of our exalted destiny, the most precious possession of mankind.

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RELIGIOUS SINCERITY.

READ BEFORE A MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE, BY WILLIAM SILSBEE.

RELIGIOUS sincerity — by which I mean sincerity in the exercise of religious duties and offices — will be generally acknowledged, I suppose, to lie at the foundation of all growth in the Christian life, and of all success in the Christian ministry. It may not, however, be always admitted that there are peculiar and great difficulties in the practice of this virtue; that it is beset with some serious questions; that it frequently involves a very careful study of circumstances and side-issues. Yet such seems to me the fact. We may emphasize our exhortation, "dare to be true;" we may paint the meanness of deception as we will; but, after all, it is one of the most difficult things in the world to be uniformly, consistently, thoroughly sincere. "Speak the truth at all times," — how plain that sounds! But, in the first place, suppose I do not *know* the truth. "Then speak what you *believe* to be true." What! "at all times?" everything I believe to be true? I should be driven out of society as an intolerable nuisance, if I attempted to do this. How can it be denied? Prudence and tact and Christian charity demand that, while I should falsify nothing, I should frequently keep back much that I believe with all my heart to be true. Yet herein lies the great difficulty which a truthful man feels in endeavoring to be always sincere: *how much* of concealment is consistent with sincerity? It is certain that silence sometimes misleads, and gives a wrong impression of our thought, quite as much as a deliberate falsehood would have done. Are we, therefore, responsible for that wrong impression? Certainly not always. It depends very much on the peculiar circumstances of the case. If a man, for example, *chooses* to interpret my silence as "consent" or affirmation, when he has asked me a question which I am not bound to answer, — nay, perhaps a question which I have no right to answer, — surely it is not my fault, but his, that he has gone away deceived.

And I think it will be found so in many similar cases, where the responsibility does not all rest upon him who speaks, or who is expected to speak, but is shared by those, also, who take the place of listeners. "*Caveat auditor!*" Let the hearer look out that he hears correctly and report sincerely what was spoken; and, not less, that he understands the *silence*, when there is no speech. There is no reason why we should not exercise a sound judgment in receiving as well as in imparting the truth. We are not always, then, responsible for the deception which comes from our concealment and our silence, for we cannot always prevent it without violating higher duties. But there is no doubt that we are responsible for a great deal of the silence which deceives; and so, in considering this subject of sincerity, we must take carefully into account the import, not only of the words uttered, but of the refraining from utterance.

What, then, is sincerity in the exercise of religious duties and offices? It is to use all forms of expressing religious thought and emotion, whether words, tones, looks, or manners, according to their true and well-understood intent. It is an utter repudiation of every kind of "pious fraud." It is a fearless avowal of our sincere convictions upon the great truths of religion and morality, whether those convictions be popular or unpopular, dangerous or safe. It believes in no temporizing or compromises for the sake of a supposed "greater usefulness." It holds truth, in the long run, to be the most useful thing in the world. Sincerity—to sum it up in fewer words—consists essentially of two parts: first, to say what you mean, and nothing else; second, to mean what you say. I do not think of any reform more needed in the Christian church and ministry than a reform in the direction of sincerity, considered in both these particulars. How frightfully untruthfulness prevails among all Christian bodies we may see in the tendency to exaggerated statements of their own progress, in the hiding of obnoxious doctrines, in misrepresentations of those who differ from them, in the indulgence shown to a deceitful and dishonest member, pro-

vided he is "sound in the faith," in the various arts of meanness by which they seek to gain over new converts, in the still more miserable arts of *make-believe*, by which they try to patch up their decaying faith, and present a fair appearance to the world. There are large numbers, of course, in all the Christian churches who abhor all this, and will have nothing to do with it. And we may rejoice, too, that the penalties for avowing the honest truth are far less than they once were. Still I think we should be startled, could some angel of light expose to us all the hidden deceit and hypocrisy now baptized with the Christian name; and we should pray more frequently than ever for a revival of sincerity among all the churches, as their one great and desperate need.

But it is a question which more especially concerns us now, Are *ministers* under any peculiar temptations to insincerity? Our own experience compels us to answer, Yes; and I should not have brought up the subject here if I had not earnestly desired your attention to this danger and the means of meeting it. The minister is supposed to have religion for his sole business or profession. To preach it, to explain it, to illustrate and apply it, and to *live* in accordance with his profession, or, at least, to do nothing to disgrace it, this is what he is supposed to aim at; and anything below this is deemed unworthy of his sacred calling. I think we should none of us wish to deny that this, at least, is our aim. And we might hold this in all simplicity and truth to nature, if the popular tradition did not also make us bound to carry out our ideas of this ministry in certain "clerical" ways. We enter upon our office, knowing that certain things are expected of us, in accordance with long-established usage, whether these things accord with our ideas of right or not. If we should act counter to those expectations, we might either lose our place, or lessen our influence, or, at any rate, shock and disturb some truly good men and women. The reluctance to do either of these things constitutes a temptation to insincerity,—not always, but oftentimes. For it cramps our freedom. It tempts us to hold back our honest and mature

convictions. It makes us less independent ; and a *state of dependence* is peculiarly a state of temptation to some kind of falseness. Whatever interferes with the entire simplicity of the Christian character is also a constant exposure to this evil of insincerity ; and I do not know any one virtue so hard for most Christian ministers to maintain as that of simplicity. For how can the minister forget that he is a *marked man* in the community, and the more so in a smaller community ? Are not his ways criticised, both in the pulpit and out of it ? Is not his home life a great opportunity for gossip and censoriousness ? Has he any rights of privacy which the public are bound to respect ? We may laugh at this, or be vexed at it, or quietly endure it, as our humor may be ; but we can hardly ignore it, and to be conscious of it in any way is a sore trial to one's simplicity. Nevertheless, we must accept this trial, and meet it as we best can. There is such a thing as a frank and independent, yet modest, assertion of our rights and duties as men, which no popular notion of clerical propriety should be allowed to interfere with. It is too common a thing to judge ministers as though they were *not* men ; for they are sometimes treated as though, like machines, they could be set agoing in one uniform, unvarying course ; and, at other times, as though they were raised above the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, and did not need the precautions or discipline which other men require. These things are indeed somewhat discouraging to one who is heartily trying to serve God rather than to please men. And yet I think, such is the respect for *truth* in nearly all minds, that the minister who is known to be acting from his own deliberate and earnest convictions of right will usually be allowed to go on unmolested. And each one of us may do our part, if we will, to revise and correct the popular errors concerning the Christian ministry, — especially by making it understood that we must at all events be *true*, — that we will say what we mean, — that we cannot otherwise, — that “by manifestation of the truth” *alone* we will “commend ourselves to every man’s conscience in the sight of God.”

Let me give a single example. Cecil, in his admirable

"Remains," — one of the most useful books I have ever found, — says that if a man of the world should meet his minister at some place of amusement or public exhibition, and should say, "Why, I did not expect to see you here!" then the minister ought not to have been there. Now, with all deference to such excellent authority, I cannot agree to this decision if it be meant for an invariable rule. It seems to me a dangerous concession to the distinction between clerical and laical morality. Whoever holds that that distinction is wrong ought to say so, both by word and by example; and thus the man of the world will be taught no longer to "expect" his minister to conform outwardly to a standard of propriety which in his heart he believes to be unsound and false.

But I must hasten to speak of that other part of sincerity, which is by far the more difficult and the more rare, yet is so vital to the Christian ministry, "*to mean what we say.*" To say what you mean, what you think, what you believe with all your heart and soul, — to say just that, and nothing different from that, — is comparatively easy. But to mean what you say! to mean it fully, entirely, without any mental reservation — who could bear this test without shrinking? *How much* we say! in the pulpit and out of it. How many words are thought necessary! for society, for charity, for instruction, for grave and for gay occasions. And dare we say that every word we use is freighted with meaning? Can we pretend to feel or to believe all that our words express? "Oh, no!" one might reply; "a great many of the common phrases of social intercourse are recognized as unmeaning. Nobody is supposed to put his whole soul into them. They are mere conventionalities, which deceive no one; and so there is no insincerity in using them." This sounds plausible, yet I doubt if it is quite true. For, with all the hollowness of social forms and phrases, I think they are never long retained when it is once admitted that they are absolutely *empty of all meaning*. Some savor of charity, grace, or courtesy must still linger in them, else they are cast off, to make room for new and sincerer forms. But what must be the effect upon

the character of habitually using words which mean nothing ! To do this in one department of life, and to believe that we do it innocently, — may it not lead to insincerity when graver issues are concerned ? Language is an instrument not to be trifled with. The more true we can make it to its purpose, as the vehicle of thought and feeling, in every situation of life, so much the better for our own characters and for our proper work.

And this brings me to a point of great importance, and indispensable to the satisfaction of every conscientious man : Sincerity is a *question of degrees*. *How much* of it can we get into our words and actions ? should be an inquiry with us all. God forbid that we should be convicted of insincerity whenever we fail to put into our language all it will hold ! Then were we sincere only in the rarest moments. Take the simplest statement of faith, for illustration : " I believe in God." You, and I, and thousands besides, can say this, I hope, sincerely ; yet with what vast difference in the amount of *meaning* we put into it ! No wonder Faust asks, " Who dares to say, I believe in Him ? " if we understand by such a confession, I believe in all that this word can mean. And there are not only great differences between one man and another as to the meaning they put into this creed, but we ourselves, in different moods and experiences, find that we have different degrees of faith to express by these familiar words. We are shocked sometimes to think how carelessly we may have repeated them — how *little* we have really *meant* it according to our words. Is it insincere, then, to be careless, to be thoughtless in the use of speech ? How can we conclude otherwise ? For how can a man mean what he says, unless he bestows some thought and reflection upon it ? The mere mechanical repetition of devout phrases is justly chargeable with insincerity, in the stricter and higher sense of this word, for the simple reason that there is scarcely a trace of thought or feeling in such an exercise. I must not only "*say* my prayers," but think them and feel them, if I would not be guilty of solemn mockery before God. What a momentous question comes up here ! There is no public reli-

gious duty, alike so important in itself, and so liable to insincerity, as public worship. Is any minister of religion able to say that he has never incurred this guilt? Would not the honest confession of most of us be, God forgive me my public prayers? We have not intended to be otherwise than sincere, when invoking the Searcher of hearts. We have abhorred the name of "Hypocrite" or "Formalist." But who can say, from Sunday to Sunday, "I meant every word of my prayer—meant exactly what I said, and in all its fullness and force"? O happy and enviable man, if there be such! For myself, I gladly take refuge from a too sternly accusing conscience in those lines of Keble,—

"What are all prayers beneath,
But cries of babes, that *cannot know*
Half the deep thought they breathe?"

I abandon the hopeless attempt to take in *all* the meaning of the words I use. I only strive to say what comes to me as the true expression of my thoughts and affections at the time. I dare not claim that it is the truest possible. I simply trust that some fitting words will be "given me in that same hour," if I faithfully endeavor to open my heart to all holy influences. But let us never forget how urgent is the importance of putting *more and more* meaning into our prayers. I think we can have no conception how vastly the power of the ministry would be increased thereby. There seems to me to be a great deal of the feeling in the community that ministers say many things as matters of course, and do not mean half that they pray for. Could all occasion for that scandal be removed, what an earnest, living ministry we should have again, "mighty through God" for the extinction of all sin and error, and the introduction of the kingdom of truth and love!

Of the many other topics which my subject suggests, I have room to speak of but one. "It is a serious question," says Cecil, in the little book already quoted, "whether a minister ought to preach at all beyond his experience." And I add the question here, Is it not a violation of sincerity to do

so? "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen," said the great Teacher; and his Apostles said it after him. All the most effective preachers in the world must have been able to say the same. They could assure their hearers that what they preached they knew from deep and often most painful experience. Their very tones and manner would give evidence of their deep sincerity. And it is not easy to see how a man can put much meaning into words which do not come from actual-life, — from his own personal acquaintance with the subjects of which he treats. Will it be said that there are some subjects which cannot, from their very nature, be matters of experience? This is true undoubtedly of *abstractions* in philosophy and religion, but it is not true of anything which comes under the category of preaching the Gospel. It is the very test of fitness for the pulpit, that a truth be *practical*, and, therefore, something which does relate to experience. But I mean "practical," of course, in the widest sense, as that which in any way may affect our daily life, by confirming every better purpose, by supplying new motives to goodness, by showing us the beauty of holiness and the hatefulness of sin, and, in numerous other ways which I need not mention. Now a preacher might indeed declare all the truths of the Gospel as being simply what he reads in the sacred record. But that which constitutes his peculiar "call to preach" is that he can do more than this, — that these truths are what he is trying to live by, that they are not to him "abstractions," but his high aims, his "inward light," his daily joy and strength and peace; or, at least, that he is constantly aspiring to make them such. How questionable the good we can do, when we preach a truth which has not in some measure passed into our life! I am inclined, therefore, to the opinion that it would be better *never* to preach beyond our experience — better, because more simple and more sincere. The minister "must preach," to quote Cecil once more, "as he feels. If he feels not as he might and ought, he must pray for such feelings; but, till he has them, ought he to pretend to them?"

JESUS THE SENT OF GOD.

BY REV. F. A. FARLEY, D.D.

I STAND with the sisters of Lazarus and their sympathizing friends at the grave of their brother, to which Jesus at their call had come. At his command it is opened ; but before exerting the wonderful powers with which he felt himself clothed, he utters in our hearing a brief but distinct acknowledgment to God that these powers were his gift, and concludes it with the reason which prompted the acknowledgment, namely, — “For the sake of the multitude standing around I said it, that they might believe that *Thou didst send me.*” How can I fail to mark the vast significance of those last words : “Thou didst send me ?” How can I interpret the entire though brief utterance in any other way than this : “I thank Thee, Father, openly, that Thou hast heard in secret my prayer for power to call back our friend to life again. I indeed know that Thou always hearest me ; but that these who are looking on may now believe, from this my own expressed dependence and trust, the great fact that Thou didst send me, have I said it !”

So ever did he speak. “My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me.” “I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me.” “I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me.” On six several occasions he repeated the declaration : “The works which I do (referring to his miracles) bear witness that the Father hath sent me.” In thirty-four distinct passages in the sacred text he expressly speaks of himself as “sent of the Father ;” and, repeatedly, the Apostles apply to him the same language. Nor can the least ambiguity in the force of this language be traced to the original Greek ; for in that, beyond dispute, the meaning, the idea to be conveyed, is the same. What, then, is this meaning, this idea ? In plain words, what did Jesus and his Apostles intend should be understood by the phraseology thus repeatedly and constantly used by both in reference to himself ?

If a man should appear among us now and speak of himself in the same way, allege that God sent him, — declare that he did certain acts in proof that God sent him, — should we have the least doubt that he alleged a special and a divine commission — that he meant to be understood as claiming, and in a very special and unusual sense, to be a messenger from God, bearing a particular errand, “sent” for a specific, peculiar, most important purpose? I say nothing of what we might think of the ground of his pretensions, because that has nothing to do with the precise question here supposed to be at issue, which is, What does he mean? He may be an imposter. He may speak falsehoods. He may utter only fables. Or he may be insane. But what does his language import? What do they who give him credence, and use concerning him the same language, themselves understand by it, and intend by it to express to us? Whether his pretensions be made out, whether he prove his claims to be well-founded, is another inquiry which I do not now start. But that Jesus of Nazareth does *claim* by such language as I have quoted from the New Testament, and that his Apostles believed him to have been, in a special, peculiar, unusual, extraordinary sense, “sent” by God into the world, seems as plain as words can make it.

Of course it is no uncommon thing to speak of the mission of an individual when we mean nothing of this sort. We even speak in like manner of the mission of an age, or of an institution. In all such cases we attach the idea of a mission to the individual, the age, the institution, because we perceive, or think we perceive, some particular and perhaps important purpose aimed at, possibly accomplished, by the one or the other; not that he or it laid claim to a special divine mission, or that we or the world accredit any such claim. But in the case of Jesus the case is widely different. Before we know or can know the precise nature of his mission, the claim to have been “sent,” sent from God, sent of the Father, is clearly, explicitly, without confusion or ambiguity of language, put forth and continually repeated. “I proceeded forth and came from God; neither came I of myself, but he

sent me ;" or, as Prof. Noyes renders it, "From God I proceeded forth, and am come ; neither came I of myself, but He sent me." From first to last in the New Testament this is the leading idea. Jesus does not appear in Galilee or at Jerusalem with the mere, however sublime, aim of reforming or purifying the religion of his country ; and this aim spontaneous, kindled in the musings of his own bosom, with no divine impulse moving and quickening it. He does not, after years of profound study of the works of nature and of nature's God, or of laborious analysis of the philosophy of man as an intellectual and moral being, come forth to teach of his own uninspired wisdom the true doctrine of the Deity, or of humanity, of life, or of the future ; to discuss with other free and thoughtful minds these and other profound themes ; to propose problems to be reasoned about ; or to start speculations which only like lofty and cultivated minds could pursue. Precisely the reverse of all this. When he taught in the Temple at the Feast of Tabernacles, "the Jews marveled, saying, 'How knoweth this man letters (i.e., learning), having never learned ?' Jesus answered them, and said, 'My doctrine (i.e., teaching) is not mine, but His that *sent* me. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak from myself.'" On another occasion, on the night in which he was betrayed, in the instructions then given to his chosen friends he said, "The word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which *sent* me." By previous quotations, as we have seen, he more than once declared that it was "the will of Him that *sent* him" which he came to do. Thus he stood forth, without learning, with no instruction from accomplished Rabbis or the schools of philosophy of his day, and proclaimed himself the "sent" of God ; charged with a special divine mission ; demanding to be heard, not on account of his own wisdom, or system of moral philosophy or moral science, or for his eloquent speech, but upon authority, "in the name of," as "sent by," the Father ; and this in language so simple and unambiguous, that the crowd at once understood, whether they believed him or not.

Such is the claim of Jesus of Nazareth. Not to admit and accredit it is, of course, to regard him in a different light from that in which he presents himself, and to deny him the rank which he alleged rightfully to be his. Whether he was able to make good the claim, or whether in fact he did substantiate it, is another question. I now only aim at showing that the claim is peculiar; nothing less than that he was specially "sent" of God,—that he came to our race upon a most momentous mission from the Father, "the only true God," and not that, born of woman, he, of his own mere suggestion, had devoted himself to a great work of moral and religious reform, as men do and have done in all ages; that he claimed to teach men, not because what he taught was the result of his own meditation and study, but because he had received it from the Father. "He that sent me is true," are his words, "and I speak to the world those things which I have heard of Him." And again, he styles himself "a man that hath told you the truth which I heard of God." And yet again he says: "All things that I have heard of my Father, I have made known unto you."

Other founders of religions, other prophets, other reformers, may have put forth similar claims. What then? Let each be tried upon his own merits. Jesus shrinks from no fair comparisons. What Max Müller says of Christianity may well be said of the Founder of Christianity: "I make no secret that true Christianity seems to me to become more and more exalted the more we appreciate the treasures of truth hidden in the despised religions of the world. But no one can honestly arrive at that conviction, unless he uses honestly the same measure for all religions. It would be fatal for any religion to claim an exceptional treatment, most of all for Christianity. Christianity enjoyed no privileges and claimed no immunities when it boldly confronted and confounded the most ancient and the most powerful religions of the world. Even at present it craves no mercy, and it receives no mercy from those whom our missionaries have to meet face to face in every part of the world; and unless our religion has ceased to be what it was, its defenders should

not shrink from this new trial of strength, but should encourage rather than depreciate the study of comparative theology." Let, then, the claims of Buddha or Zoroaster, of Confucius or Manu, of Mohammed or Swedenborg, be they what they may, be decided upon the evidence which each presents. The mere claim which a man puts forth, whatever it be, is of no worth till proved to be well-founded. But if I reject, though on what I think ever so good grounds this claim, whatever it be, and substitute something less as the basis of my respect for him, or my opinions concerning him, it is plain that he cannot be to me either what he is to another who to the full admits his claim, or what he in fact professes himself to the world.

Here is the important point. Nearly nineteen centuries ago one in the form of man appeared in Palestine, putting forth extraordinary pretensions. To the Jews, among whom he was born, he claimed to fulfill the predictions of their ancient prophets, and to be their long-promised and expected Messiah; while at the same time, and in no obscure language, he declared himself the friend and Saviour also, alike of the hated Samaritan and the despised Gentile, indeed of the whole race and world of mankind. To all men he professed to have been "sent," specially "sent" by God himself, the Universal Father. There was an air and tone of authority in his teaching, as those who heard him acknowledged, entirely distinguishing him from, and immeasurably elevating him above, the learned expounders of their ancient law. He uniformly represented himself as by eminence and peculiarly the Son of God,—as enjoying such nearness of communion with him as made him one with God,—as having received from God those superhuman powers by which he healed the sick, cured the lame, gave sight to the blind, and raised the dead, and to which he constantly appealed as proofs of his divine commission. Always, through every difficulty, trial, obstacle, in the face of suffering, persecution and an ignominious and cruel death, he asserted and re-asserted those claims. To those claims I yield. I bow to the authority of Jesus as "sanctified and sent into the world" to "redeem" it from sin. I recognize in him the Christ and Holy One of

God. I have perfect and complete confidence, trust and faith in him, as "the way, the truth, and the life," the living and true way, to lead me to happiness and heaven.

Such is my understanding of the claims of Jesus. On the one hand I cannot find that he claims as much as fellow-believers around me insist that he does, — namely, to be the supreme and very God ; nor, on the other, only what others attribute to him, namely, the common and mere humanity which we all share. I cannot consent to adore and worship him as my God, on the one hand, nor, on the other, to place him in the same category with Manu or Confucius or Plato. There was in him that fullness "without measure" of the Holy Spirit which made him a prophet mighty in word and in deed, when they in comparison were only seekers. We do not disparage them, or any of the founders of the "great religions" of the world, by thus elevating him. Theirs are great names, and well is it that the minds of each passing age should turn back with reverence to their track of light. But before Jesus they show but dimly ; and he ascends to and holds the zenith in full-orbed and ever-increasing splendor.

Yes, ever-increasing ! We at times nowadays hear of a living and a dead Christ, and the distinction is often well taken, and by no means far-fetched or forced. To multitudes, even among those who most devoutly read the New Testament, there remains, alas ! only a dead Christ. They pore over the page, and study and become familiar with the letter of the sacred narrative — but Christ dead, Christ crucified, is all they get, and this only as a barren and empty article of belief. To many souls, however, I would still trust, that Christ, though he hath died, yea, rather, hath risen again. He comes forth even now as they read and meditate, in all the glory of a fresh resurrection, breathing new life and moral strength into their souls, and leading them on and up, higher and higher. So that it becomes the simplest truth that Christ is reproduced to them, and made the daily, hourly companion of their thoughts and aspirations. To them, indeed, ever increasing must be the splendor of this great Sun of Righteousness ; and rich and precious beyond words to express, the fruits of love, joy, peace, which it constantly

ripens to perfection in the heart and life of the faithful disciple.

Surely it must be a vital question to every seeker after truth, "What think ye of Christ?" Christ to be quickening and powerful in the soul's growth must have a fixed place in the soul's affections and faith. He claims the soul's affections and faith as the Sent of God. It is a lofty claim. That he makes it I can no more doubt than that I live. If he make it and fail to substantiate it, if he present himself to me and to the world as a divine messenger, — a messenger from God, — in the strict and unambiguous meaning of that designation, and yet fail to prove it, I must think him either a fanatic or an imposter. But if he satisfy me that the claim is just, if he bring to my mind either by his works or doctrine or life, or by all combined, the proof which compels conviction, how joyfully must I welcome him to my faith and trust! How gladly does my soul, amid the burden and weariness of trial, temptation, sin, leap to and find relief and rest with him! And yet we are not to think, we must not so dishonor Christ as to think, that nothing is left for us to do. Christ becomes the spring of joy and peace to each and every soul, just as he excites that soul to the most persistent and strenuous exertion of its loftiest powers in the pursuit of truth, piety, holiness. Only as I rise and approach his spotless purity, only as I become transfigured into that divine image by my contemplation and study of his life and teachings, only so far will Christ become in me "the hope of glory." He does not work upon me as dead matter, but as a living spirit. These affections so apt to grovel upon the earth, he would lift and lead to fasten on the holy and the eternal. These hopes and desires, always reaching forward and upward, never satisfied with what this world and this life present, he would wing for a higher flight towards the all-satisfying and the all-perfect. There have been, it is true, rapt seers, who have pierced the dim and distant future, and mounted on chariots of fire to the third heaven; bards who have wooed from the skies the genius of poetry to charm the imagination, or lift the devotions of the race; heroes, whose

lives were consecrated to immortal freedom and truth ; martyrs, who sealed their testimony in blood, and hugged their cross but the more firmly amid torture and flame ; philosophers, who grappled with the great mysteries of life and of death ; philanthropists, who labored and sacrificed for God and for man with an earnest and noble spirit caught from communion with Jesus ; and saints, who have glorified human nature and inspired new faith in man by their love and practice of the pure and the holy. Yes, and God be thanked for them all ! But the more and the better the life and character of the Saviour is appreciated and felt, the more entirely do we realize the fact how transcendent is the glory which encircles his brow as with a diadem, and though there have been many founders of religions, prophets and bards, heroes and martyrs, sages and philosophers, philanthropists and saints, that there has been but One Christ — the CHRIST OF GOD.

AN INSTINCTIVE TRUST IN GOD.

WE never see a flock of wild geese passing over us in their long migrations from zone to zone through the trackless air, or hear the wild, strange cry which they utter in their flight, without feeling that there is a mysterious connection between God and his creatures, — an example of faith without sight from which it would be wise and well for us to take a lesson. As they are passing beyond our reach, we gaze after them in wonder, and with Bryant, the poet, are ready to exclaim, —

“Thou art gone : the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

“He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my footsteps right.”

THE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

BY ALICE MARLAND WELLINGTON.

"To effect the blessedness for which he was intended, man must become a fellow-worker with God."

OF all the exquisite pictures in Guild Court, perhaps none is more touching than that of the quaint old tailor and quainter child sitting in their little den of a work-shop and speculating on the origin of evil. Mr. Spelt draws illustrations from his own experience. A new garment already cut does not give him half the satisfaction to make, that he finds in a worn-out coat needing repair, where he can exercise his ingenuity by "piecing a bit here and a bit there, you know." It seems to him a reasonable view to take of the creation of the universe: God fashioned it well as far as he worked; "but I fancy perhaps, Mattie, he knew we should enjoy it better, if he left something for us to do."

It is an original view of evil, certainly. From time immemorial, men have speculated whether God created good and evil simultaneously, or whether sin and misery are the gradual disarrangement of a once perfect whole, caused by man's long disobedience of law. In the tailor's theory we have a first suggestion that perhaps evil is only *what God has left unfinished in the creation of the world*. "I suppose," answered Mattie, "God could have made people all comfortable at once; but he thought he would give us a share in doing it."

A theory tinged slightly, perhaps, with the cold philosophy that there is no absolute truth; that to believe in divine or moral intuitions is a delusion; that nothing is right or wrong, but thinking makes it so; and that ideas adopted first from expediency, gradually become a habit, and then, after generations of inheritance, suddenly arrogate to themselves the haughty titles of Right and Wrong, Truth and Falsity. Yet at its foundation lies the recognition of a profound fact: that we are created, not merely to bend our heads and reverently

receive revealed truth from on high ; nor yet, fearlessly lifting our eyes, to scan the heavens in cold, analytic search for truth ; but, true sons and daughters of the living God, to be dignified into fellow-workers with him, and looking into our own souls by the light of the Holy Spirit, actually to create for them at their need the truth for which they are hungering.

No stronger objection can be urged against the doctrine of a religion revealed once for all, in all its splendid purity, than the necessity it involves of denying all possibility of religious progress. To the Roman Catholic, every step forward, however it may seem to emancipate the soul, must in reality be a swerving from the right path ; a violation of the trust reposed in us when God put into the keeping of his consecrated priests the pure, white, sacred truth, the same yesterday, now, and forever.

Infinitely higher stands the devout philosopher, who, bending before God to receive at will the gift of pure truth, or of the love of truth, chooses the latter, crying humbly, "Lord, give ! pure truth is for thee alone." He chooses under the known condition that he is never to attain the divine prize ; but "the search for truth is better than truth itself ;" we can afford to surrender the reward if we can keep our aspiration ; since we "grow like what we admire, and become one with what we love."

It is urged against radical reforms that they hurt our spirit of reverence ; that it is sacrilege to desecrate the Lares and Penates of our ancestors. In the name of him who was the greatest reformer that the world has ever known, we reverently repeat his own words, "not to destroy, but to fulfill ;" not to make holy things common, but common things holy ; not to drag from his pedestal any hero you have been humble enough to rank above yourself, but simply to lift to your range of vision some of "the least of these" that you pass unnoticed by. You bend in reverence before the mysterious mission of the mother of Christ ; we ask that every woman who takes upon herself the glory of wife and motherhood shall put the shoes from off her feet and feel that she also is

treading upon holy ground, acknowledging herself, no less than Mary of Judea, to be the handmaid of the Lord. You bid us acknowledge the inspiration of the Bible: we do; and when the glorious prophecies of Isaiah are wedded to the music of Mendelssohn or Haydn, it seems to us the quickening of the same holy spirit that breathes alike in literature and song. You bid us recognize the divinity of Christ: we do; and as to appreciate a poet requires something poetic in ourselves, so that part of me which springs so joyously to recognize the godliness of Jesus must in itself be godlike. If I cease to emphasize the divinity of one, it is because, with deeper humility and profounder reverence, I am beginning to recognize a divinity in all.

Not that it is claimed for an instant that the natural disposition of reformers is one of exceeding tenderness and humility. August apathy is apt to result in a very vivid flash of lightning and a peal of terrific thunder. Its own fierceness is almost suicidal to reform; for we gasp for breath quite as painfully in the whirlwind as we did in the deathly sultriness that preceded it. The old creeds may have —

“Poisoned the air for healthful breathing,
But the critic leaves no air to poison;”

And so harsh are the occasional assertions of our radical friends, that many are sometimes tempted to fly to the conservative banner, wrap warmly round their souls the poisoned garment of old beliefs, and affirm stoically, “Si in hoc erro, libenter erro; nec volo hunc errorem, quo delector, extorqueri mihi.”

It is undeniable, that if the present opposition to reform is more subtle, it is infinitely less demonstrative than that of yore. Reformer, once the synonym of martyr, is now our best translation for the privileged *enfant terrible*. The nineteenth century prides itself upon being an age of toleration; and we are tolerant for three reasons. First, because we no longer hold our beliefs with that intensity of conviction which makes every man the deadly enemy of those who oppose his faith. To those who differ from us in what we do

hold sacred, we are as intolerant as the most bigoted of our ancestors. It is true we allow the editor of "The Index" to walk our streets unscathed; but the toleration which the present generation extends to its John Browns, its Victor Hugos and its Henri Rocheforts, could hardly be dignified with the name of Christian charity. Secondly, we are tolerant because we have discovered the uselessness of being otherwise; persecution only serves to draw attention to the truth persecuted, as the elaborate apologies of the hostess first attract our eye to the slight disorder in the room. Thirdly, we are tolerant because we have learned that it is a needless expenditure of strength to fight so fiercely in the service of the strong, white angel, Truth, that, smiling at our childish efforts to hasten or retard its progress, sweeps slowly with serene eyes down from the starry spaces, to lift us all in its own good time, Radical and Conservative, Atheist and Churchman, alike upon its snowy pinions into the higher atmosphere of another century. The heresy of one generation is the orthodoxy of its successor; "the religion of one age the poetry of the next." It is true, we sigh as we pass the bolted doors of the church; not because we are so anxious to go in, but because we are so sorry that they cannot come out, to find how much more beautiful than the dim religious light of stained-glass windows is the glorious sunshine of God's constant presence in this working world of ours. But we content ourselves with sighing; it were folly, indeed, to waste our energy in battering down the iron doors from without, when men like Dean Stanley and Frederic W. Robertson are quietly slipping back the bolts from within.

The opposition, then, that modern reformers have to fear, is not that of the battering-ram and the rack. We no longer fear that the children of this generation will be forced to believe a doctrine against their will; but we do fear the silent, subtle influences that mould their will until voluntarily they accept the dogma. We shrink from Rome, not because she has arbitrary power to snatch a child from the arms of a frantic father; but because she blinds the eye, warps the conscience, and paralyzes the will, until the convert voluntarily

sunders every tie of God's ordaining and himself unwinds from his own neck the clinging arms of the wife or child that is keeping him back from holiness. The car of Juggernaut cannot roll over unwilling victims struggling in vain to escape; but the Hindoo priest can persuade his people to cast themselves of their own free will before it. The Church of England does not lay her hand heavily on the fresh, new growth of modern thought; then we should not despair, for the young acanthus leaves always find some way to grow: but she throws around her children the subtle web of tenderness and love, until to rend the delicate meshes of the old associations would be like tearing apart their own heart-strings, and to deal a blow at Apostolic dogmas would be to stab the mother that gave them birth.

For although in all organization, where the individual voluntarily merges himself in the community, there is an element of nobleness, there is none the less a strong element of danger. Even patriotism may reach the cry, "My country, my country! right or wrong, my country!" I cannot see how church organization can escape this danger. An earnest rector may reveal to his people as man to man the truths of his own belief; but when there comes some great day of the church, when the congregation gather in the stately aisles and the bishop fills the mitred chancel chair; when it is understood that the church, not the man, is to speak from the pulpit, very powerful and brave must be the preacher who stands there, consciously her representative, and is not influenced to check or to express a thought by the consciousness that forty centuries are gazing down upon him from the Pyramids! We listen pained and bewildered, wondering which is saddest to suppose: that the speaker believes what he is saying, or that he is saying what he does not believe.

To illustrate this:—

The interest of Trinitarianism centres in a Person, something visible, tangible, to adore. The church promises to preach "nothing but Christ and him crucified;" and in deference to her authority, one of her noblest representatives

leans from the pulpit and declares: "The second advantage of preaching Christianity in connection with a Person, is that it gives us something to adore; for we can adore persons, but we cannot adore principles." The same summer he writes to a friend, "St. John's conception of genuine love for Christ is that of an affection trained in beings who exhibit the same humanity that was in him. Through the visible we rise to appreciate the invisible. Now my nature forces me to reverse the order, or rather skip the first steps; *for I certainly have some sympathy, dreamy, perhaps useless, with the invisible; invisible personality, justice, right.*"

Again, he preaches to his congregation: "It is through belief in persons that we rise into belief in truths." To his personal friend, he writes, "Religion has two sides, personality, and abstract beauty and right and good. A feeling of divine and personal sympathy is indispensable to religion, perhaps one of its bases; but a belief in, and aspiration after, what is high, beautiful and good, is the more solid and less easily misused basis." He holds that Channing, while professing only to love, in reality worshiped Christ; is it not possible that he himself, while professing to worship, was in reality filled simply with the sweetest and purest love for Christ?

In the pulpit he denounces the "strange sophistry" and "perversion" of a book which taught that only disbelievers in immortality could lead the purest life, since they alone expected no reward. But elsewhere he pronounces "the noblest creed ever made by human beings," to be that of the Stoics, who did right, not from the Christian motive of pleasing God, nor from Goethe's philosophic conviction that sin on the whole did not pay; but simply because it *was* right.

All honor to the brave young hero, who while preaching the necessity of a leader yet felt his heart throb wildly to lead a forlorn hope for the sake of an idea! all honor to the gentle teacher, the impetuous disciple: the chivalrous gentleman and the Christian hero, — Frederic W. Robertson!

New tactics in the enemy involve a change of base on the part of the attacked. If conservatism has been content to

put its weapons out of sight, reform has grown not less ingeniously subtle. Our modern Martin Luthers do not shake the dust from off their feet and hurl against the dogmas they are leaving the anathemas of their scorn and condemnation. The most influential Radicals in England are still Churchmen in name. Rarely does an angry vortex ruffle the smooth surface of English religious thought. Sweeter lilies come to the surface, and we know the bed of the stream must have changed in some way; yet there is no ripple of dissent upon the surface and no unruly overflowing of the banks. The stream, then, must have deepened, not widened; the Church of England is not Broad, but deep, to hide its secrets in its own bosom; working stealthily underground, down, down, where no human eye can detect and no human voice declare, "The heresy is here!" so that forever —

"Beneath the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what they *say* they feel, beneath the stream
As light, of what they *think* they feel, there flows,
With noiseless current, strong, obscure and deep,
The central stream of what they feel indeed."

Far be it from us to listen but with becoming humility to our opponents' assertions of our lofty intellectual powers. "It is intellect that is keeping you out of heaven; trust all to faith; put intellect out of sight." Nay: has your friend sent word he will visit you to-day? how eagerly you draw from its casket the jeweled necklace that was his birthday gift to you, and clasp it round your neck to show him you delight to honor him by wearing it. I dare not treat my God less reverently than my friend. If I am going into his presence, I know no gift of his I dare despise, no talent I dare wrap up in a napkin and "put out of sight." In the purity of womanhood and simplicity of faith, yet none the less with the regal ornaments of intellect and reason, shall Esther come before the king.

And yet I hold one of the peerless graces of the Christian character to be precisely this one of faith; the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things unseen; and far from fearing that the coming generation will be one of dark

denial and dismay, I believe it will be pre-eminently its glory that, casting aside all the mouldy superstitions of the past, it will be content to trust its all to faith. That it will have an "all" to trust, I cannot doubt; for these blossoming hopes of the human soul are not so easily crushed; you may shiver the delicate vase, but the fragrance of the roses will not even cling to the broken fragments; for it has passed into the air to become a part of every breath you draw. I do not fear the onward march of science. Voltaire, watching life sink into nothingness, is a less hopeful, less reverent man than Huxley, watching nothingness giving birth to life; the arrogant and ignorant philosopher cries triumphantly, "*Aus ist das Lied!*" the humble scientist contents himself with simply saying, "I do not know." We will sit humbly at your feet; listen patiently to all your arguments; gracefully acknowledge ourselves defeated at every point, and say with you it is better to sweep away all the old traditions and confess that it is impossible to prove that there is a God; but when we have done this, we shall require you to bring forth your arguments to prove that there is *not* a God; we are quite content it should be impossible for us to prove that we are right, so long as it is equally impossible for you to prove that we are wrong. Until science bring something stronger than negations in her hand, mankind will still stand expectant, hoping all things, believing all things, like the little sick child to whom I carried a ten-cent watch the other day, who asked eagerly, "Does it go, marm?" and as I paused in embarrassed silence, held it to his ear, and exclaimed, his face alit with the ecstasy of his willingness to believe, "*Yes, marm, it 'most goes!*"

Wrong is more contagious than right; falsity than truth; doubt than faith. A single drop of pure water in a glass of vinegar is powerless to change its tint or flavor; but a single drop of vinegar in a glass of pure water poisons the draught forever. Still, I would rather live in a darkened room of doubt, with faith sometimes coming to me in visions, than wander through Elysian fields of faith if ever a snake-like doubt were to lift its head to me as I passed. The calm phi-

losopher may tell you that love to God is to him something vague and indistinct; that he obeys nothing higher than a sense of duty to his neighbor; but just when he feels himself most secure in his unbelief, there flits across his soul a subtle *something*,—

“A sunset-touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,
A chorus-ending from Euripides,”

And all the forces of the man's nature vibrate, quiver in response, and throne again on its abandoned altar the grand, magnificent “Perhaps.” For an instant, the strong man bends his head in the presence of the Unseen; and although you can startle him from it instantly, although the faintest cry of “Help me, Cassius, or I sink,” from a suffering brother will rouse him out of reverent dreaming into generous activity, although he will tell you instantly again that humanity is his only god, yet I think in the sight of the Father whom he denies, that one moment of supreme belief will outweigh a lifetime of the faith that is “mere unbelief kept quiet.”

We all bend to an influence outside ourselves; one calls it God, one calls it Christ, one calls it the Ideal.

The single agonized cry, “O God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul,” will outweigh years of the complacent faith of those who “fill the front pews of our churches, as Egyptian mummies line the aisles of the catacombs, holding in their shriveled fingers the living seed of belief, that yet never puts forth a single leaf, a single blossom, nor ripens into grain that will give them a crumb of bread to put to their dead lips.” Far from asking you to cast aside faith, I entreat you rather to surrender everything else. Let us believe in God, not because he was ever incarnate upon earth, but because this inborn trust in him is a stronger proof of deity than any utterance of “I am.” Let us believe in a future life, not merely because Christ rose from the dead, nor yet because to a “well-known and highly-respected merchant of New York,” there has been known to appear the beautiful spirit of his dead wife in white raiment and shining hair; for although we are not prepared to deny a possible

deep truth in spiritualism, yet few of us feel that we have the leisure for over three hundred and eighty-eight sittings of several precious hours each, in a darkened room with sealed doors and windows, for the sake of winning by mysterious agency a white rose from the heavenly gardens; but let us believe in another world because —

“The longing to be so
Must make the soul immortal.”

Let us believe in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, not merely because we have the inspired revelations of our Bible, but because there is a light within, the high, pure light of conscience, unfailing in its ministry. If you tell me sadly that this light within sufficeth now at noonday, but that you dread the falling of the twilight shadows, I can only bid you walk faithfully in the sunlight, trusting that at night the stars will shine.

As I hold it an idle plea against reforms that they annihilate faith, so it seems to me idler still to fear that the moral forces of the universe will be weakened by throwing off the chains. It is true, we no longer say that the blood of the Lamb is necessary to cleanse your robe from sin; but it seems to me a more terrible restraint upon the sinner to tell him that once stained, its purity will be gone beyond power of recall. I dare to affirm unhesitatingly that the tendency of modern religious thought is to bring more deeply to the consciousness of every individual a sense of his awful responsibility in minutest actions. From a Trinitarian pulpit, in the lofty spirit of whose utterance liberal Christians recognize one of the noblest advocates of their cause, we have heard the admission, “Once having sinned, not God himself can make us quite what we were before.” Once baptize your womanly nature in blood, all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten the little hand; once let your sins be as crimson, not the merciful pity of Christ can make them as white as wool; this because there is no arbitrary law by which God sends us to his right hand and his left, and which he can revoke at pleasure; he is more sorrowful to see you willfully going

from him, than you will be to find yourself among the lost. "Saved through Christ!" who does not reverently bend his head as he makes to-day the sweet confession, not that we are saved by his suffering from the consequences of our sin, but that we are saved by his heavenly example from our desire to sin!

And yet we substitute no more vindictive creed: God will forgive, though he cannot annul, your past; will receive you in your crimson garments, though he cannot make them white as snow again. Nay, if you wear the final crown of victory, scars and wounds are but triumphant witness of the struggle. Some dilletanti St. Michael or St. George may come forth from his contest with the dragon in spotless armor and undinted shield; but he wins only a niche among the saints and a glance of admiration from the passers in the Louvre; while tempted humanity, fallen, risen, coming into the eternal courts from Edom, with stained garments from Bozrah—angels and archangels will pause to gaze and ask who this may be in glorious apparel.

Bishop Blougram is not the only keen, clear-sighted conservative who recognizes the moral loftiness of the radical stand point, but who urges that the masses are incapable of appreciating anything so æsthetic, and that for average humanity it is best to retain the traces of the church. Perhaps it is impossible with the masses to cut quick to the core of all reforms; yet I like to believe there is honor even among thieves, to which it is safe to appeal before putting on the chains. "There's no fun in telling Arnold a lie," said the boys at Rugby; "for he always believes us." The principal objection to outward restraints is that they are laid on precisely that class of people who will have fewest scruples in violating them. *Never allow a child or a sinner to make you a promise which there is the shadow of a chance that they will break.* It is this that makes me distrust the wisdom of temperance pledges. Work with your whole soul to lift these people out of the misery that is mother of their sin; save them from the idleness that far more than oppression is the curse of the American poor; give them, not bread, but a

chance to earn bread ; drive from their lips the terrible thirst for rum ; and though Washington Street be lined with public bar-rooms, you may trust them to walk its entire length, unscathed because untempted. But content yourself with visiting them now and then, to drop moral reflections on the disadvantages of drunkenness ; work upon their feverish brains with song and story till in the excitement of the moment they will do anything you say ; then leave them again to the damp, dark misery of their old lives, the excitement dying away, the horrible thirst still gnawing at their hearts, and hungry children clamoring for bread ; with nothing between their souls and ruin but the thin paper scrawled with their miserable names that you put so complacently with the records of your temperance society, and — God pity us all, and fill us with Christian charity alike for the poor wretch who breaks his pledge and the philanthropist who makes him sign it !

Of social reforms it is unnecessary to speak. Till woman fits herself for a higher sphere, the heaviest battalions will be powerless to open it for her ; when once she has fitted herself to fill it, the heaviest battalions will be powerless to keep it closed to her ; though there is force in Herbert Spencer's theory, that to close the doors to her till she has fitted herself to enter is like forbidding a man to chop wood till his arm has gained the strength only to be obtained by wood-chopping. All education, everything that makes her more deeply womanly, may be welcomed eagerly ; but so sacredly beautiful is the sphere of a true woman, that I cannot conceive of her wishing in all the centuries of eternity ever to step beyond it. It is true, I wish her to cease playing Flora McFlimsey to her lover's Lord Dundreary, as she is now doing ; but not in order to play Miranda to his Ferdinand :—

“ If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs awhile. Pray give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile. It would become me
As well as it does you ; and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.”

Nor yet to stand as Beatrice to his Dante ; though surely it were no mean aspiration to be the inspirer of immortal poems, one for whose sake, if not by whom, grand work is done. Yet I would rather lover of mine seek truth for truth's sake than for my sake ; love honor for honor's sake, not mine ; bend knee to God, rather than to me ; asking only as my share in this, since even here we are to be "fellow-workers with God," the privilege to point him to a loftier honor, to unveil to him a higher truth, to show him God ! Beatrice, with her lifted eyes and folded hands, with her purity that was ignorance, could never have done that.

Since the noblest work is done from hidden aspiration, why cannot woman be content to be the incarnation of aspiration ? the unseen influence breathing through the world, whose name is not spoken above a whisper, yet whose power armies would be powerless to withstand.

" God be praised, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her."

If when he goes out from her presence, to face that world, he is strengthened by the knowledge of her womanly constancy, chastened by the thought of her womanly purity, lifted by the power of her womanly aspiration, she may be well content, though known herself only as the sister or friend or wife of one who does glorious deeds ; well content, though her only glory be the one supreme delight of being honored as "Mary, the mother of Washington," or "Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi."

None who read carefully the history of the world can help doubting whether reforms won for ourselves only by centuries of struggling civilization can be suddenly transplanted at a breath by individual effort, even at the fearful cost of life and wealth that is so freely and generously paid. "At what price, then, do you value a human soul?" asks the foreign missionary. At a price infinitely higher than the one you name, dear brother ; a price so high, that I do not think you can pay it ; for God is miserly of

souls, even heathen souls ; and will not easily be induced to let one slip from his keeping into yours. It might be different, if with you I thought this world their only opportunity ; but after death ——

For, see ! the shadows are falling round our way, and we are drawing near the gate called Beautiful. What lies beyond ? Never will the eye weary of trying to catch a glimpse, never will the ear tire of listening for the heavenly harmonies, never will the heart of man cease trying to conceive the glories of Jerusalem the golden, that eager hearts expect. One dreams in ecstasy of golden streets and gates of pearl ; one shudders at the close proximity of hell ; one holds that sin will be left behind with the frail body that was its incarnation ; and one, content to die like the butterfly at sea, —

“ Unlike his mates, I ween ;
Yet having felt and known and seen
A wider life and hope, though lost
Far out at sea,”

Takes flight into the vast unknown, cheered by no brighter hope than that of being incorporated into the “ *Grand Etre* ” of poor, gentle Monsieur Comte. But through the creed of each runs one striking similarity : all struggle is to cease in heaven. Either there is to be no progress after death, — a harsh belief now rapidly yielding to its opposite extreme, — or else there is to be no obstacle to progress. The cold creeds of the past taught that the machinery was to stand still forever as death had found it ; the easy, cheerful confidence of to-day teaches that the laws of friction, are to be suspended in the heavenly realms, and that the delicate machinery is to be so exquisitely poised as to run forever in musical silence. In all the many mansions of our Father's house there is no room for this white-robed angel of Reform ; she alone of all who throng for entrance must be content to pause outside the gate called Beautiful ; to fold wearily her drooping wings, and cry faintly, “ Master, it is finished ! ”

Is there indeed, then, no sorrow there ? Among the radiant joys of heaven are we to lose the one supreme

delight of helping others? God forgive my selfishness, if choosing for myself the happiness of heaven, I asked first for a great many unhappy hearts about me whose sorrow I could lighten. There will be wrongs to redress, temptations to resist, sufferers to relieve, in the new Jerusalem not less than here. The Roman Catholic is right, who feels instinctively that the dead still *need* his prayers; only erring in supposing that those prayers can be effectual in releasing them. I feel God so intensely near to me in every fibre of my being here on earth, that I cannot conceive his drawing nearer me in heaven to protect and guide; I feel so surely the sacredness of my own individuality, that I cannot think I shall escape farther from myself in the eternal courts than here: the danger and the protection will be the same. One wiser than the Roman Catholic has felt that sin and misery were not confined to earth nor yet to hell; "for, gazing at the sunset, there seemed to come to him a low moaning from its golden depths. Was this moaning all of the earth, or was there trouble in the starry places, too? as if Falconer were beginning to appreciate the truth from afar, that save in the secret place of the Most High and in the heart that is hid with the Son of man in the bosom of the Father, there is trouble—a sacred unrest—everywhere; the moaning of a tide ever setting homeward to the bosom of the Father."

Then bend the head, O confident religionist, and know that struggle will not cease with earth; then lift your eyes, O despairing outcast, and know that the hope of final victory may reach even into heaven. Lift your eyes to the hills whence comes your help, and see how beautiful upon the mountain-tops are the feet of the Christ who brings to you good tidings. In the deep humility of self-distrust, but in the perfect confidence of unshaken trust in God, let us pass through the gate called Beautiful into Jerusalem the golden.

"THERE are flowers within the soul that God has planted, and he is waiting to catch their fragrance."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I.

HALF a century ago I was ten years old, but as I was not a precocious child I cannot go back of that more than five years. My earliest recollections are of my surroundings at that time. In an old, unpainted, weather-beaten building used for a fulling-mill, whose roof rose just above the surface of the mill-dam, I found my home. The dam served as a public highway. On one side of the little stream was a rude saw-mill, on the other some kind of a factory. This old structure, half house and half fulling-mill, in which I was born, stood on a small island, about midway of the rivulet, with its back against the wall of the dam; and in front there was grass-plot appropriated for bleaching cloth which had passed through the fulling process. I still hear the loud clanking made by the rude machines, the rushing water upon the wheels and over the waste-ways. I still see my dear mother (a heavenly soul, greatly tried with many earthly cares), spreading cloth upon the grass, or stretching it upon hooks, while she kept an eye upon me, lest I should stray to the banks of the river.

Such were my surroundings; and the impressions received from them in all their details are now as distinct as they were half a century ago. Of my employments, I remember only those of making mud-pies, with an older brother, upon the road, sand caves in a large bank near the saw-mill, picking violets out of the green grass, and cooling my little feet in the shallow, running waters.

My father was not at home at this time. He had enlisted as a soldier in our last war with Great Britain; and, as there were five of us children, our family was extremely poor. I would use the phrase common in such cases, "poor but respectable," did I not fear that, judged by any standard of respectability now known, I should not be believed. I will however add, they were not much poorer than, and so about as respectable as, any of the families in that neighborhood or town, at the period referred to.

At the close of the war, we moved to another part of the town, where my father took charge of a saw and grist mill. Our house here was by another mill-pond, and not much better than that of the other location. The first thing I remember of our new home, was of looking out the window across the pond, and seeing a great water-wheel revolving on the outside of the old dilapidated mill. A little farther on, in the same direction, was a small yellow store, a dull-red, boxy-looking yarn factory; and three low, one-story, unpainted houses, all alike, and all extremely dismal in their whole appearance and surroundings. Just beyond these there was a sandy sheep-pasture, in one corner of which, next the road, there was a graveyard, distinguished from the rest of the field only by a few graves, with monstrous, slaty headstones, slanting different ways, seldom one standing upright, probably, as somebody has said of gravestones in general, alluding to the epitaphs upon them, "because they lie so." There was no fence near this unrural cemetery except that which separated it from the road. The entrance differed from the rest of this fence, only by having two common mortised posts, and four rough, split, cedar rails, painted black.

This graveyard, associated with the gloomy ideas of death then prevalent, was long a terror to me; and, years after, when I had occasion to pass it in the evening, I used to shut my eyes, and run with all my might, lest I should see some of the ghosts that were supposed to haunt such places. All the scenes and persons of that little world are very familiar; but of the first three years spent there, of events and pursuits, I have scarcely a recollection. The life of a boy between five and eight years of age must have been very meagre not to have left more various and distinct impressions. I had no toys, no books, no skates, not even a jack-knife; none of those thousand little things that now make up the boy's world. Life then was a hard struggle for all; and nobody had any time to devote to me, to my amusement or instruction. I did learn to read and spell, enjoyed my annual two-months' school, and loved my teacher. But a brother and sister had in this time been added to our family

of five, and poverty drove me at the early age of eight into the little red factory, where cotton machinery had just been introduced; and where I soon had reasons enough for not forgetting anything that belongs to the later years of my boyhood.

Those scenes and circumstances form the first chapter of a life that may be more interesting as it proceeds through other phases: an intimation that is ventured, lest the reader should fancy any good thing cannot come out of such a Nazareth as is here described.

II.

Why do we so often hear elderly people speaking of the "good old times," and lamenting the present degeneracy? They must have had a singularly happy childhood, or a faculty of forgetting the evils and miseries of the past. My experience is all the other way. I never knew what a happy childhood was, in any modern sense of this phrase. My own happiness began with manhood, and, I am bound to add, has been increasing these many, many years. I say this here only to encourage the reader to go on with the present sad chapter, which embraces my four years from eight to twelve, except two months a year at school, in the old red factory, where, under an ignorant and tyrannical overseer, I worked twelve hours a day, standing on my bare feet most of the year, was poorly fed, and poorly clothed; had no holidays save those of Fast and Thanksgiving, the former being more than an offset to the latter. Oh! the unnaturalness, the monotony, the weariness, the actual privations, the positive sufferings of such a life to a sensitive boy, no language can describe.

I remember that I got along with the confinement much better in winter than in summer. The first year, my carding-machine stood near a window, where I could look out over an orchard and a meadow; and when I saw the cows lying in the sunshine on the green grass, and the birds hopping and singing in the fragrant apple-trees, I felt as if I must do some desperate thing, and get out among them. I doubt if prison-

life was ever sadder to any man than this factory life was to me.

On one occasion my longing for a day out of doors, with some little variety to it, was so great, that I deliberately put my fingers into the cog-wheels of my machine, where they would get so crushed as to relieve me till they were healed. The pain of the wound was nothing to the joy of liberation from such bondage. And to this time I never can hear a factory-bell ring in the early morning, or see those buildings lighted in the evening, without thinking of my many long, dreary, miserable days, extended through those four long, miserable years.

I have spoken of my summer trials. But think of the short days of winter, when a little boy to whom sleep is always so sweet, had to get up, eat a poor breakfast, and go a long distance, in the cold, by the time it was light enough to commence work; run home at midday, eat dinner, and get back in forty-five minutes; and then work on till half-past seven in the evening, two or three hours after dark! Of course, I was then too tired and sleepy even to feel my hunger. "And what," it may be asked, "did you get for such work?" I answer, taking the four years, from seventy-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five per week.

Oh! those "old times" were anything but "good" to me. Six days of such work, and then the Jewish Puritan, or, to the boy, repressive, stupid Sabbath. As I look back upon it, it is difficult to decide which of the seven days of the week was the most wearisome, monotonous, hateful. I must not go out into the fields, I must not play, or make any noise. My nature must be repressed in every direction, because it was the Sabbath. I grew up in the idea that God required such a strict observance on his own account. It never occurred to me that "the Sabbath was made for man;" and certainly not that it was made for boys. Then I remember going, between ten and twelve, about two miles, almost every Sunday, to church. This walk, in warm weather, was the one refreshment of the week; because it took me across the fields and through the woods, where I heard the songs of birds, and

saw so many beautiful leaves, mosses, and wild flowers. But of the meeting, when the walk was ended, I have none but the most dismal associations. The old, barn-like meeting-house, the unpainted, rickety horse-sheds, the rows of stiff Lombardy poplars that led up to the parsonage, the old minister under the grotesque sounding-board, the solemn, pompous deacons, under the high, narrow pulpit, deaconing off the first lines of the hymns to the singers, the veteran chorister with his pitch-pipe and loud announcement of the tunes, the long prayers, the longer sermons, the short recess at noon, the gossiping women around the doors, and the toddy-drinking men in and around the old tavern, with its large gallows-looking sign,—all these, after the novelty of the first impression was over, gave me neither pleasure nor profit.

I always had to walk fast to keep up with my father, and so would get quite warm by the time of arrival; and when the winters came I had to go immediately into that cold church, where there was no fire, and not even plastering on the walls, and sit on straight, high-backed seats, shaking with cold through those long, metaphysical, theological discourses, drawn out to "tenthly," "lastly," "finally," "to conclude," and "the improvement;" while the only word that I could appreciate or rely upon, so that it might do me any good, was the final "Amen."

There was the same weary round to go through, after an hour, again in the afternoon. It makes me shiver even now, after all these years, just to think of that experience. What an effective means of moral and religious education those old Sabbath services must have been to us boys!—only I did not then see it in that light.

Oh, those "good old times," when we had to carry our shoes to meeting in our hands till we got near the church, and then repeat the process soon after we left it to go home; when the only difference between our summer and winter clothing was the one small thread of woolen, on the cotton warp, called satinet; when people were living in the direst poverty, and most shocking intemperance; ragged, barefooted, in mean, unpainted, unfurnished houses, the broken windows of which

were stuffed with old hats and rags ; when there were but two carpets in our whole town, and a real scarcity of the necessaries of life generally.

Of the moral and social condition of this particular neighborhood, I will here say nothing ; because I suppose my readers can easily infer from any part of life such as that what the whole must have been : must see that it was necessarily all on the same low plane. Give an accomplished naturalist a single bone, picked up by some traveler in some remote island or some newly discovered region of the earth, it may be the only one of the kind ever seen or known, and yet he will from that single specimen reconstruct the whole animal. He will give its size, its form, its food, and all the general habits of its life. Give a philosophical religionist any people's idea of God, in any age or nation, and he will from this one idea accurately reconstruct their whole society ; will say with great certainty how high their attainments were in all other departments. The different parts of society always fit each other, like the different bones of any animal.

III.

At the age of twelve, new scenes and new employments were opened to me. My father took a farm on shares with the owner, who also owned some fifty others, and who, of course, was the great man of the town. He got these farms by lending a little money on them, which he foresaw the poor borrowers could never pay, and then closing up the mortgages. He was generally regarded as a very hard landlord. And, it seems to me, as I look back over those times, that men generally were much harder, more exacting, and unfeeling in their business transactions than they are now. Fathers of large families were dragged from their homes and long kept in jails for small debts ; the town's poor were annually let by auction to the *lowest* bidder ; and there was a general selfishness, or inhumanity, which no public opinion would now tolerate.

The poor farm which we took upon "halves," i.e., to give the owner half of all we could get from it, had been skinned

by a former tenant; but as my father and older brothers were very efficient workers, we managed to get along better than ever before.

The scene of this new life was in the same town, two miles from the others already described. Our house was old and unpainted; two stories in front and one behind, with a chimney that literally occupied the centre. There was a dark, unventilated hole, called a cellar, which I have special reasons for remembering, and with which I have some terrible associations. There were no closets with doors where things could be put away; but a few niches in the great chimney, and shelves in the corners of the rooms. I suppose this old construction of houses grew out of the fact that people then had so little furniture of any kind, they wanted to give conspicuous places to everything they had got. Why have closets to shut things away, when there is nothing to put in them; when people ate off pewter plates, and carried their whole wardrobe on their backs, without being burdened, or, in any present sense, half-clothed?

In this old-fashioned farm-house I lived this third chapter of life. The work was hard, hoeing corn, chopping wood, taking care of cattle, and all the usual heavy farm work; but it was out in the freedom of the air and sunshine, with the variety and reality of nature; and this, after years of factory confinement, was delightful.

Then by walking two miles I could attend school two or three months every winter. Here was another great source of improvement and happiness, which, through past experience, I was fully prepared to appreciate. That district school, which now, after half a century, seems so poor in itself and so mean in all its surroundings, was the best thing then known to me. It stood in the geographical centre of the district, without reference to any accommodation of the majority of the inhabitants, alone, on a bleak hill, at considerable distance from the ground, with only a stone post under each corner, like the old-fashioned corn-barns. It was a square room, with low-ceiling, single floor, with many cracks, and its only door opened from the cold northwest corner. So, with

the coming in and going out of the scholars, the bringing in of great quantities of wood to supply the large, open, all-devouring fireplace, there was no lack of ventilation ; and I need not add, there was plenty of freezing and thawing, many flushed heads and cold feet, in that little boxy room.

Then we had different teachers almost every season, several of whom I have occasion to remember without much interest or affection ; coarse, rough, ignorant men, rude in manner, and ungrammatical in speech, chosen partly because they were large and strong, and not likely to spoil the boys by sparing the rod. The schools were not graded in those days. All the youth of the district, from four to twenty-one years, attended, and were under one teacher. Many of the boys who went in these short winter terms were strong, full-grown young men ; and the strength of the master was often called into requisition. But what scenes those school-rows presented to children of a tender and impressible age !

I remember, one very stormy day, when only few went home at noon, and many were standing round the fire at the close of the hour for recess, I came in just as the order had been given for the scholars to take their seats ; I did not hear the order, and remaining a moment, unconscious of any disobedience, the master came up, put his hand in my hair, and jerked me backwards to the floor ; then pulled me up, and ordered me to hold out my hand for a flogging. This happened at a time when the patience of the school was exhausted by the tyranny and brutality of the master. Two of the largest boys came to my defense, and thrusting the tyrant from the house, locked the door against him. Another soon took his place, and the school went on ; but as a general rule, order was kept, in those days, by force on one side and fear on the other.

Of the books and instructions of that period, perhaps the less said the better. It would be difficult to decide which were the more arbitrary and mechanical, the geography and arithmetic or the methods of teaching them. But we learned to read and write. We acquired habits of obedience and order. We learned by deference to one another, by greater

social friction, a larger degree of courtesy. We learned to love our school, poor as it was, as the best of our blessings. There were youth, and health, and irrepressible human nature in it. There was as warm blood in our veins, and as fresh life in our hearts, as can be found in any of the luxurious, palatial school-houses of the present generation.

So we managed to get good out of what was not good in itself, as we have often done ever since. We were "building better than we knew." The best of any man's real practical education never comes from the school; and we turn in our next chapter to the real experience of life.

IV.

Three years of a New England farm, and common district school, were my experience half a century ago. What did I get from that farm life then? And what remains with me now?

I got a good foundation of physical health, and strength, and patient endurance of many severe privations and hardships. I learned to do well, and with great facility, all kinds of farm work. I learned the characters and habits of all kinds of domestic animals; of garden and field plants; the names and characteristics of pasture shrubs, and forest trees; of grasses and wild flowers; of birds, insects, and all the thousand details of the phenomena of this natural life, at a period when all things make the most deep and durable impressions. Through all the seasons of the year, the influences of nature were a perpetual source of knowledge and pleasure. From the first green grass and songs of birds, to the budding leaves and bursting flowers of spring; from the humming insects, the fragrant hay, and delicious fruits of summer; from the splendid colored trees, the rich and varied harvests of autumn; from the pure snow or glittering ice, resting on the smallest branches of the great trees; from the chopping and sledding of the beautiful white birches, the fragrant cedars and pines; hearing the echoes of the woodman's axe through the forest, in the clear, bracing air of winter,—in all this, I got something infinitely better than

church or school could then afford. I got at the great realities of nature, at God's world in the freshness of my youth ; and thus early found it so much better than man's, so grand and lovely, so full of wisdom and beauty, that I have studied it with wonder and delight, and loved it supremely, ever since.

In those three years I had little that could properly be called companionship, social or mental sympathy. There were no persons in the neighborhood that interested me. It might have been my fault, but I grew up in this feeling of loneliness ; and was thus forced into communion with nature. I delighted in every opportunity to wander by the brooks, in the meadows, upon the hills, and through the woods, where there was nothing coarse, rude, unreal, or inharmonious, as there was in society, at that time, everywhere around me. So of the influences of society, or home, in shaping my future, I will say nothing. I will, in this connection, merely allude to two things about that old life for which, after all, I remain truly grateful. One is, that I was brought up in the country, where I learned of God directly in his own world, in the great book of nature, whose every chapter, leaf, and page, is so full of interest and instruction. Another is, that, when I see, as I now do, so many indolent, inefficient, good-for-nothing young people everywhere in society, I am thankful that I was early trained to work, and never ashamed to have it known.

V.

My next sketch is of two years more of factory life, in a different scene, and under different conditions. This was in the early period of American manufacturers, when all kinds of new machinery began to be introduced ; when there were no great corporations, and little factories were built in small, out-of-the-way places, by the little streams abounding in every part of New England. The war and its embargo had destroyed our commerce ; and the poor, unprofitable farming of that time had necessitated a change in the pursuits of the people. So the rising tide came up to our town and swept me twelve miles from all the scenes of my boyhood. That was a great distance in those days ; and to me it was truly

going out into the world. It was the commencement of a new life.

In leaving the flat sandy region in which I was brought up, and approaching my new home, I obtained the first sight of anything that might be properly called a hill. I never shall forget the impression it made upon me. It seemed a vast mountain, towering to the skies. Oh, how little I then knew of the great world in which I have since lived, of the real mountain scenery with which I have since been so familiar! This new town was rather rough and rocky, with few inhabitants, and few objects of special interest. My employer had known me in my former factory days. He was very kind, and friendly, and I soon became much interested in my work. The other persons employed by him were five girls and a boy. His business was manufacturing twine and cotton sewing thread. This was one of the first establishments of the kind in the country. The best of sea-island cotton was used, and excellent articles were made; but the whole was on a small scale. I superintended this work, and prepared the goods for market. We all lived in our employer's family; and he was often away about the country, making his own sales. I am somewhat particular in the statement of these facts, because all this is done so differently now, and that the reader may see how humble was the condition and primitive the period to which my story belongs.

In that obscure and lonely place, while at work twelve hours a day, with many cares and responsibilities, I first became somewhat acquainted with the book world, and in this I lived more intimately than with nature in the old farm-life. It may seem strange that I then and there got access to books, or found time to read them. So I will relate how it happened. When I had been in my new home about a month, my employer's daughter asked me to go up to the village and get a bonnet she had left there to be trimmed. At the milliner's and dressmaker's little shop, where I was sent, I found a circulating library which, it seemed to me, had more books than I had supposed the world to contain. I was delighted with the discovery, and found that by paying a

small annual subscription, I could have access to all its treasures. This little library would be nothing now. It had much in it that was trashy then ; but somebody, either from high appreciation, or want of any, had made it a present of a whole collection of valuable historical works. These were old, dusty, and did not seem to be at all in demand, and so were always ready at my call.

My first book from this little shop was Plutarch's *Lives* of all the celebrated men of Greece and Rome, in several large volumes. It was an exceedingly fortunate selection. I know not how I came to make it, but I have read nothing since that delighted or profited me more. It gave me a decided and a strong taste for biographical and historical studies. Within the two following years, I read the whole of Rollin's great history of the ancient world, the history of Greece and Rome, histories of the various countries of Europe, and biographies of their great men ; Hume and Smollet's *History of England and America*, Robertson's *Charles V.*, Johnson's *lives of the poets*, and, in fact, almost all the standard historical works of that period. What a world was here to be suddenly opened to a youth who had known only the poverty and obscurity of a little New England country town !

To the question how I found time for so much reading in an employment that required so much daily labor and care, I answer, I became so interested in what I read, it took me so completely out of the world in which I had been living, that I found rest in a change rather than a suspension of activity. I read late into the nights. I read on Sundays. I read whenever and wherever I could find or make opportunities.

As overseer it would not do for me to be seen reading before others in factory hours. So I always kept my books hidden in the day-time, in the cotton-room, and several times each day, when all was going well, and my presence was not needed, I disappeared, ran up stairs, got behind the bales of cotton, pulled out my book, and was soon on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile, among the isles of Greece, at Rome, Constantinople or Moscow, in London, Paris, Spain, or with

Columbus in pursuit of new worlds. Many times have I gone down to tighten loose belting, clear the cards of cotton seeds, increase or diminish the speed of the machinery, or settle some dispute that had arisen among the operatives, and then returned to the old attic to hold communion with Plato or Socrates; to Demosthenes declaiming in Athens, or Cicero before the Roman Senate; to follow Alexander or Cæsar in their long victorious marches, or see them returning with kings and queens and their long captive trains, under splendid triumphant arches, amid excited, thronging, shouting multitudes that had come out to meet them.

Oh, how charming and refreshing were those hours snatched from labor, and given to such scenes and companions, behind those old cotton bales! Thanks, Oh, how many thanks, are due for our many-sided nature, through which we are able to get so many lives into one! Solomon says, "Stolen pleasures are sweet." But I can say from experience that stolen knowledge is sweeter, and far more profitable.

Another reason why I accomplished so much in those two years was, that my life was concentrated, not frittered away in social excitements or frivolous amusements, as the young life of the present so generally is. In this I do not take any credit to myself. My choice was "that or nothing." It was all work and no play that used to make so many dull boys. It is now all play and no work that makes so many men toys. There was little outside of my daily duties to interest me in any way. The few persons with whom I had any intercourse, the dull little town in which I lived, all my surroundings were of the humblest and most uninspiring character. So I was driven to my books for all my means of excitement and progress. I lived alone, and as the great problems of existence, of time and eternity presented themselves to my mind, I had to meet and solve them for myself in my own way. Of that way all may learn who care to go on with me in the recital of other struggles, external and internal.

R.

TAINÉ'S HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BY A. D. MAYO.

FEW American men of forty-five, who read new books at twenty, can forget the sensation produced by the first republication of Macaulay's miscellaneous essays, in several volumes, in this country. It was the practical introduction to the great reading public in America of the brilliant papers hitherto known only to the comparatively small class in Great Britain who read the reviews and magazines a quarter of a century ago. Dr. Bellows startled the poet Wordsworth, in his old age, by telling him that his poems were more widely read and better appreciated in America than in England. This can be truly said of the great body of criticism, that has been gathered from the British periodical literature of the last thirty years and poured in a never-failing stream upon the reading public this side the water. Macaulay, Jeffry, Wilson, Hazlitt, Lamb, Coleredge, DeQuincy, Carlyle, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Leigh Hunt, — volume after volume, have been devoured by the college students and multitudes of young people in all walks of life. In American criticism, Whipple, Emerson, Lowell, White, Hudson, and others, have furnished estimates of English Literature as comprehensive and delicate as the age has produced. A charming new volume could be gathered from a series of articles on the modern English poets and novelists which appeared in the "National Review," a quarterly published for several years in London, now suspended. In all the higher qualities of criticism, this series of articles will bear comparison with the best of the school of Coleredge and DeQuincy.

The fact is coming to be understood that in the region of Poetry, Romance (which is the drama of the present day), and Criticism, the present century has been not only the richest in the English language, but one of the most remarkable in the history of literature. And it is equally true that

this great body of writers, from Scott to Longfellow, has found, and is still finding, its largest and most appreciative public this side the water. The Literati of Great Britain is still a class as exclusive as the nobility, or the priesthood of the Church of England. The great interests of the British people go on with astonishing unconcern in regard to its existence. If the system of cheap publication is increasing the number of English readers, there is rarely found in any large class abroad that susceptibility to new ideas, readiness to respond to broad and profound views of life, and eagerness to follow every subject into new and untried realms, that characterizes the American reading public. Doubtless in the capacity for massive and accurate scholarship, and the power of sustained production, the British mind yet vastly surpasses the American. These are the fruits of a scholastic culture and a literary caste enduring for generations. But already the popular education and cosmopolitan life of our country have developed a reading public better able to profit by and do justice to all European literatures than any that now exists.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the translations of the brilliant French critic in art and literature, H. A. Taine, have been widely read, and that his last ample book, on English Literature, has overcome the popular prejudice against two-volumed essays, and is greedily devoured everywhere. Indeed, since the advent of Macaulay, nothing so brilliant, and so on the popular key of intelligent appreciation of English literature has appeared in our language. Without the blending of fine literary discrimination and profound religious instinct that characterizes Madame de Stael, less apt to catch the delicate shades that discriminate superior minds than St. Bernie, Taine unites in the most remarkable degree the French vivacity and habit of swift generalization with a shrewdness and common sense rarely found in a continental writer. The glory of the best English criticism (and in the criticisms of poetic literature nothing better than that of the school of Coleridge has ever been seen) is its mingling of profound insight, fine discrimination and practical

knowledge of human nature. DeQuincy, Wilson, Whipple, Hazlitt, interpret Literature by its relations to the whole of human nature as it actually exists in living men. The vice of German criticism is the same as the French; in different regions of life, both estimate books according to their agreement with preconceived systems of nature and man, and string the periods of literature like glittering beads on a golden thread of theory—alas! that sometimes the thread should not be golden, but rather a very poor tow-string of a conceit about the eternal realities of existence.

Taine would not be a Frenchman, unless he introduced his brilliant History with a decisive philosophy of Universal Man. He represents, though in a generous and rather inconsistent way, that growing school of thinkers who empty man of original, free, spiritual existence, and substitute the influence of various fatalistic forces in his creation. Man is morally what he is made by "race, circumstance, and epoch." Religion is "a phenomenon of imagination and credulity." Man grows a temporary crop of philosophies, literatures, faiths, civilizations, according to his natural limitations; indeed, is himself but a dancing ball, kept aloft by the play of a fountain and the pressure of the surrounding atmosphere. The advantages of this system of "man in six easy lessons" is that it is wonderfully clear and compact, and can be learned by any clever sophomore. We remember a theological student who wrote to us for "one book of moderate size which would give all that mental and moral philosophy amounted to,"—evidently not being of that muscular type of Christian that could carry off a small theological library in his side pockets. His longing for a simple theory that accounts for all things is met by the fatalistic theory that man is the product of a few forces that can be scientifically measured. The disadvantage of this system is, that it omits in its calculation what the human race has always called man; that mysterious indestructible spirit, by which he is always found outside any philosophy in which he was ever imprisoned, which assimilates all circumstances to character, and in every critical moment of his individual or social existence

ebbs back upon the infinite soul, only to issue forth in a flood tide that sends all human philosophies adrift. Taine's system could not even have constructed "Topsy," who hit the nail on the head when she said, — "*'Spose I growed;*" much less can it account for a Milton or a Shakespeare. His world is like a beautiful manufactory which would doubtless turn out humanity, provided the motive power had not been forgotten, — a palatial cotton-mill built on the glistening summit of Mont Blanc and left for its movement to depend on philosophical light and wind.

Yet this theory, having been duly broached (as in Buckle), politely retires, and henceforth only occasionally appears as a disturbing element in this enchanting book. Taine is too much of a genuine critic to write two huge volumes of literary history strictly according to any pre-conceived theory; and he who endeavors to string the great English authors on any thread of system soon breaks his twine in despair. Yet we, perhaps, owe to this cast of mind an admirable quality of the book; its varied representation of the life of the English people, as an illustration of the various periods of English literature. We Americans will read his amazingly shrewd and often startling portraiture of British life and characteristics with a delight it cannot be supposed our cousins across the water will share. Yet even we must acknowledge his vivid delineation often borders on caricature. Especially in his presentation of the "pagan element" in society, in the age of Queen Elizabeth, he goes off at a touch, and rides his pagan hobby into a realm as fanciful as Sidney's *Arcadia* itself. But nobody has so well done what is indispensable to a genuine appreciation of the mighty literature of the England peoples, — portrayed the characteristics of the Anglo Saxon, and its more striking differences from the Gallic mind. His perpetual comparison between the English and French genius is one of the most valuable elements of his book, and will be of great use to the growing number of young people who are beginning their studies in the language and literature of France.

The most valuable thing, indeed almost the only original

quality, in Taine's book is this astonishing way of lighting up the great authors by an illumination of their period; as the fountain leaps out into a startling grace when the gas is let on upon the lamps in the esplanade.

There is a large class of these writers that can only be thus comprehended, or even enjoyed: Chaucer, Jonson, and indeed the whole of the minor Elizabethan dramatists; Dryden, Pope, and Swift; generally the poets, essayists and satirists of the classic period; and especially the novelists of the present day. His method is also a help in tracing the growth of the philosophical and scientific tendencies, and somewhat aids even in the higher walks of the practical and controversial religious literature of England. His critique on Ben Jonson, Addison, Swift, Fielding, is a masterpiece of literary illumination; like the night view of the rugged mountain sides and tumbling waves of the Griesbach artistically set off by a myriad of colored lights. Yet we feel in the midst of our admiration that these writers were somewhat different from their appearance amid this glare of side scenery. Every great English author of this type has an individuality as pronounced as the rocks of Albion, and when you have shown his surroundings and general tendencies in every possible light, you must, in turn, ascertain how he re-acted on all this material and left the impress of his own obstinate soul upon the least of his creations. And here Taine is the weakest of critics. His large, general, fatalistic estimate of man, as a creature of his age, quite incapacitates him from a profound or accurate comprehension of the special quality of soul that colors the whole life and work of every human being. In this realm DeQuincy is supreme, and Whipple is not far behind; and no exercise could be more valuable to a young student than reading, side by side, the works of these English and French critics.

It is when Taine rises into the region of the highest literature of the imagination and the religious life, — the region in which the English mind leads the whole modern world, — that his incapacity is fully revealed.

The test of every critic is his ability to fathom Shakespeare,

and no writer of any pretension has so grotesquely failed here as this most brilliant of modern Frenchmen.

True, we are treated to splendid paragraphs about the marvelous dramatist, and often flashes of genuine insight illuminate this turbid torrent of critical rhodomontade. But his radical estimate of Shakespeare is that of the age of Voltaire, — that he is a magnificent barbarian, who sets all rules of art at defiance, violates all laws of propriety, and improvises a morality of his own. Much may be forgiven to the splendor of his genius, but this he is, after all. Taine assures us that Shakespeare's theory of life was essentially his own, — that man is a chaos of conflicting tendencies, drifting hopelessly from birth to death; now and then, by purest accident, being concentrated into a momentary semblance of sanity or sanctity, only to break again into a more hopeless anarchy.

Now the sovereign excellence of Shakespeare, that which makes him not only the greatest poet, but the greatest mind that has left its record in literature, is just the contrary fact, that Shakespeare, beyond all the masters of philosophy or poetry, discerned and delineated the eternal laws of spiritual life that underlie human character and history. So far from being the creature of his age, or an outcropping of a "pagan Renaissance," Shakespeare beheld and set forth the relations that universal man sustains to the divine existence and the eternal laws of God, as they have never been revealed elsewhere out of the New Testament. Every character in Shakespeare is representative, and stands for a whole class of mankind. His plays are, therefore, profoundly Christian; not because he writes sermons or dabbles in theology, but because he shows us human nature living under the providence that "renders to every man according to his work." Falstaff's retribution is in being Jack Falstaff; a splendid beast, that not even the most besotted of public blackguards would really be for all the world. The reward of Desdemona and Cordelia is in being the Desdemona and Cordelia that have charmed and lifted up generations of noble, self-sacrificing women, and becoming the type of the woman who is truly angelic. To rant about such a poet as "immoral," "vulgar,"

"pagan," is the most melancholy display of that chronic blindness in the regions of the spiritual life where all the decisive things in man abide, which seems the incurable disease of the French mind.

Equally grotesque is Taine's estimate of Milton. The critic that could talk of the age, perhaps the most engrossed in theological and religious ideas of any in modern times, — the period of the English Reformation, — as "pagan," is not the man to understand the grandest product of that religious Reformation, John Milton. The glory of Milton's great poem (which consists of "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," the latter essential to the understanding of the former), is not the machinery. To the men of his own day who were thinking, fighting, and being offered up for religious faith, this even was not improbable or absurd. The Bible was virtually a new book to the people; and the poet who would have neglected its magnetic drama of sin and salvation as a topic for his epic would have proved himself second rate. "Paradise Lost" and "Regained" is the loftiest conception of man's conflict between sin and holiness ever written in verse in any age. In Satan is printed the full portrait of the man of the world, clothed in all human graces and energies, save holiness; swayed by the supreme selfishness of boundless pride and God-defying ambition. The studies for that marvelous creation were made during the civil war in England; a period that revealed this side of man in all its greatness and weakness. The divine side of man, emerging from the fall, is pictured in the Christ; and no grander idealization of the human side of the Saviour ever has been made than in this poem. The machinery must all be estimated as related to the contest of these two characters; the Prince of this world and the Prince of Light. Around this mighty theme Milton has built a superstructure of epic poetry, that in sublimity and beauty surpasses all the epics of the world; for nowhere in any epic is there such a triumph by any overmastering imagination fusing a marvelous learning, and surrounding all the realms of human religious experience, as here.

The same spiritual incapacity weakens Taine's estimate of Spencer, — although in one exquisite passage he touches on the verge of the highest criticism, — his apostrophe to Divine Love.

The beauties of Taine — his marvelous felicity of expression, his shrewd lightning-flash of intelligence in estimating national characteristics, his interpretation of an author by his age, his grouping of scenery around his figures and general artistic handling of his theme, his obstinate attempt at fairness, and his real appreciation of much in English literature — are visible to every reader. His almost preternatural brilliancy will hide from the superficial reader the bareness of his philosophy, and confirm the enthusiastic disciples of a philosophy that resolves man into a shadow cast on the wall by a sudden concentration of chaotic forces and elements. Such as he is, we are grateful to him. He has done for the mighty genius of England — the grandest literary genius of any age — what Renan has done for the age of primitive Christianity. In Renan's charming books the primitive Christian age starts once more into life. Palestine glows with her ancient charm. Everything is there, save Jesus Christ and the twelve apostles, whose parts are taken by the stock actors of the Paris ecclesiastical and philosophical stage. In Taine's book we see the visible England of every age; the stage is ready; the *corps de ballet*, indeed some of the lower characters, are wonderfully like the Englishmen whose names they bear. But in place of Spencer, Milton, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, and the whole immortal group that clusters about each of their sovereigns, we behold a procession of majestic transparencies, manufactured across the channel; doubtless very grand and gracious, but not the men who have lifted the higher poetry of England to the summit of human achievement, and made it the best commentary yet written on the Word of God.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. E. H. SEARS'S NEW WORK.

WE regard the publication of "The Fourth Gospel, the Heart of Christ," by Edmund H. Sears, as in a literary and theological view the most important event of the month. Unless we are very much mistaken in our deliberate judgment, it will hold a permanent place among the few great standard works of learning, thought and genius on the most interesting and important of all subjects. It is marked by the finest intellectual discriminations without running at all into the subtleties of a useless or perverse ingenuity. It is distinguished by the keenest powers of philosophical analysis and equally by the power of making large and comprehensive generalizations. All the learning belonging to the subject has evidently been mastered, but only that which is pertinent and of vital importance is embodied in the work. Very abstruse and difficult speculations, like those of the Gnostics, which lie wholly out of the range of modern thought, are by a few bold strokes placed vividly before us, and their bearing on the Gospel of John pointed out. The results of abstract thought, and of accurate and extended learning, are imbued with life by the Christian fervor and imagination of the writer. To many, we believe, this book will be a new revelation of the world in which we live. The old theories which separate God from his works, and turn this outward universe into a prison-house where the soul only bruises itself in its vain endeavors to escape into a grander field of vision, vanish away in the clearer light of Christian truth which is here thrown upon them. It professes to treat of evidences, and it does so effectively and logically. But the evidence by which it will most effectively remove all doubts will be found in the broader views of Christian truth, the more vivid exhibitions of spiritual life, and the deeper insight into the mind of Jesus, which it gives. Let any one read, e.g. in pp. 352-9,

what relates to the resurrection of Lazarus, and to the family at Bethany.

We cannot go into details. Some of the chapters have been published in our pages. But the power and freshness of each part are greatly increased by having them all together, with the depth of interest and the added warmth and light which they throw into one another.

The parts of the book which will be most likely to be criticised among us are those which treat of the *logos*. The union of the human soul in Jesus with God, — the voluntary subordination of the mind of Jesus to the spirit and the will of God till his own human will and personality were given up to the divine, so as to move and act entirely in harmony with that, the two so blended in one that his consciousness reached back into the divine will and mind by which he was moved, — this is a subject which, to be understood, requires the clearest insight and the most careful and delicate discrimination. It is easy to start superficial objections, to say that it is making Jesus God, that it is an absurdity, giving him two natures. But it seems to us that it is the only view that is in harmony with the Scriptures, and with the highest law of spiritual life in man. Every devout and living soul has the background of its being in God. The best of all that is within us is supplied from a divine fountain. It is God that worketh in us. This union of the divine with the human, enfolding all our human faculties in all the fulness of the perfect man, is the highest end of life. And this is what Christ has set before us in its absolute perfection.

The only criticism that we would now make relates to the title. "The Heart of Christ," notwithstanding the very respectable authority which is given for it, indicates to most persons a sort of sentimentalism which is as foreign to the spirit of the work as it is to the Gospel of John.

Mr. Emerson said the other day that it took him twenty years to read a book. The great original works of the highest genius are to be our companions and instructors for a lifetime. Without claiming such eminent distinction for this book, we believe that many persons will find in it, for years to

come, instruction, inspiration, encouragement and strength, and that in opening to them the Gospel of John as no other work that we know of does, and bringing them into a chosen intimacy with Christ, it will do for them the highest service that one man can do for another.

A MOVEMENT TOWARDS INFIDELITY.

"The Boston Investigator," in a very courteous article called out by something that we have said about a strong movement in all religious bodies towards infidelity, says of the editor of this magazine, —

"He speaks of Infidelity as though it was something with which he had nothing to do. But not so judges the great majority of the Christian church, who call him and every other man who denies the proper Deity of Jesus, an Infidel, asserting that they deny the Lord who bought them, and 'crucified him afresh in the house of his friends.' Let Dr. M. remember the thief on the cross, and ask himself if he is not 'in the same condemnation' with us, whether 'justly' or not? And again, let him ask whether 'the results of Infidelity,' should it become generally prevalent, would be likely to be any more 'sad' than the results of what has passed under the name of 'Christianity' for some eighteen hundred years?"

We agree with "The Investigator" that the Christian church, so called, is in a great measure responsible for the doubts and skepticism which are now haunting so many minds. There is always in the unregenerate man a tendency towards some sort of a vicarious religion. Many, perhaps most religious men are disposed to find out some way by which they may secure the favor of God without obeying his laws. And all great priestly organizations have recognized this fact, and have strengthened themselves and tyrannized over others by adapting themselves to it. The Mosaic religion was the publication of a pure monotheistic worship and a pure morality, with such outward rites as might serve to impress these central truths on the imagination and the hearts of the people. But soon the tendency to idolatry among the people broke out into overt acts, and the priesthood, for the purpose of increasing their power, played into

the hands of these baser passions, and encouraged the idolatry by acts which it was their duty to condemn and destroy. The account of Aaron and the golden calf which he offered to the Israelites in the very face of the sublime decalogue which had just been announced, is an illustration of what was going on during the whole history of the Jewish nation, where forms, sacrifices, ritualistic observances, or superstitions were made to take the place of a true religion and a pure morality.

Christianity was a protest against all this. By remanding men to the first principles of religious faith and righteous living and through them leading men upward into the worship of the one living God, Jesus was not destroying, but fulfilling the law. Pharisees and their traditions, which had been supplanting or perverting the true relations of men to God and to one another, were denounced by Jesus with the most unsparing severity. They succeeded in putting him to death. Their spirit entered into the early church. During the lives of the Apostles the old leaven of Judaism, the substitution of a formal for a vital religion, was the hardest enemy they had to vanquish. This, we believe, was Paul's "man of sin," "sitting in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." This same "man of sin," under a different name, found its way as a ruling principle into the Roman Catholic Church, arrogating to itself the place which belongs to God alone, and by its vicarious ministrations perverting all the fundamental doctrines and precepts of our religion. No two things can be more utterly at variance than Christianity as taught by Jesus, and Christianity as set forth in the Roman Catholic Church. In this great and overshadowing organization we find the Jewish ritualism which Christ condemned as making the law of God of none effect by its traditions, — the Jewish ritualism with much of the paganism of Greece and Rome grafted upon it, while its doctrines have been perverted by the subtleties of the Greek philosophy.

Of course, we all of us have been affected more or less by this tendency. We inherit the same human nature which has branched out into these inveterate and deplorable habits.

From age to age great men like Wickliff and Huss, Savonarola and Luther, George Fox and Wesley and Channing have seen and denounced the prevailing spirit, the doctrines and customs of the church. Within the pale of the church they have denounced these things as abuses, and appealed from pope and councils and decrees to Christ and his religion as they are found in the primitive records.

Other able and pure-minded men have considered these abuses to be a part of Christianity and therefore have denounced the whole system as savoring of superstition, idolatry and immorality.

Here is the essential difference between us and those who call themselves Free Religionists. We stand within Christianity as we find it in the teachings and life of Jesus. We believe that with him a new and diviner life entered into the world, and that the enormous evils which have encrusted the truths which he taught and was, are to be cast aside by falling back upon him as our teacher, our life, and our example. We gladly accept all truth from whatever quarter it may come—from all the great religions, the great teachers and reformers of the world. We are ready to be instructed by our neighbor of "The Boston Investigator," and very likely may be instructed by him in many ways. But the great central truths and worship as taught and illustrated by Jesus seem to us to go far beyond the highest ideals of thought and life that we find anywhere else, and to go anywhere else for light on the greatest themes that can exercise the mind and heart, would be like taking a private lantern with us in the brightness of noon to enable us to find our way. For us to do this would be simply a solecism and an absurdity.

The central truths of Christianity and the life from which they first shone out upon the world are, we believe, yet to be the light and the salvation of our race. The men who are most deeply imbued with their spirit and most thoroughly endowed with their vitality and power are to be from generation to generation the great pioneers and leaders in the emancipation of the world. Skepticism never saved a soul and never will; though it may be the first action of the soul

in a movement which shall lead it towards a higher and grander truth. We war against the abuses and corruptions of the church. We war against the mechanical rules and superstitious rites and monstrous doctrines which have taken the place of the religion of Jesus, and which claim to speak in his name and by his authority. The best way in which to drive the usurper from the throne is to restore the rightful monarch to his place. The low and halting morality, the perverse maxims of faith and life, the monstrous assumptions of authority made by ambitious men or bodies of men in the name of Christ, will disappear when we recognize him in his rightful place at the head of all human progress. He alone can drive the money-changers from the temple. He alone can silence Sadducees and Pharisees,—the unbelievers and the superstitious alike. He alone can cast out the evil spirits which defile the strongholds of society and the secret chambers of imagery in individual minds.

We are not careful to answer the question which our neighbor puts to us as to the imputation of infidelity which may rest on us as well as him. We call him by no bad name. And unless we deserve it we shall not be troubled by any bad name that may be put upon us. It will not stick unless it belongs to us; and if it does belong to us the name will not hurt us half so much as the reality which it expresses. Our neighbor is seeking, we doubt not honestly, to free men from superstition and to make them wiser and better. This is what we also are striving to do. But where has there ever been such freedom from every superstitious fear as in Jesus, where such freedom of thought and life, such freedom and joy in the love and the goodness of God, such a fountain of truth and life flowing into the souls of men to free them from all ignorance and sin, to lead them up into a larger field of goodness and wisdom, and to remove every evil that is now weighing upon the heart? Will he not help us in our work? Let him turn from the church with its corruptions to the beneficent and majestic life portrayed by the Evangelists,—a life which for eighteen centuries has gone in advance of every prosperous movement in the upward progress of our race.

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS. Awhile since as I was out in the field, a robin came and alighted upon a tree near by and began to pipe one of her pleasant notes. Then followed the crack of a gun, and down dropped the sweet songster, gasping and with the blood flowing from her mouth. I turned round to look at the fellow who had done the deed. He was a young man of pleasant manners, — not savage nor brutal in appearance or disposition. He had, I believe, a good mother, but that mother had neglected wofully one department of his education. Cruelty towards these creatures that confide in us — not “dumb” animals, but creatures that come with their sweet serenades to pour music on our path — tends to harden the heart towards all suffering. At another time I saw three full-grown men, each with a gun in his hand, skulking along beside a wall, one of them about taking aim at something — which proved to be a red squirrel — and old acquaintance of mine who had paid me visits occasionally. I rode up towards the villians — savage-looking fellows — and denounced them for their murderous intent. How the squirrel bounded from tree to tree and from one fence to another! a perfect picture of agility and grace and superabounding life perfectly exhilarating to look upon. The poor little fellow did not know of the horrible fate I had saved him from, for evidently he had no conception of the meanness, bloodthirstiness, and depravity which get incarnated in two-legged animals, so much more subtle and devilish than we ever find in those which walk on all fours. The three fellows with guns went off over the fields to other scenes of murder. I believe there is a law against them; there certainly ought to be. And there ought to be a committee of vigilance in every country town to protect the innocent creatures of the air and of the groves, which come out every spring and try to make us rejoice with them in the all-pervading goodness of Him who fashioned them, and inspires their gambols and songs.

DR. RYDER did *not* write the review of Rev. Mr. Barrett's “New View of Hell” which we extracted in the March number of the Magazine. It was editorial, and we ought to have known that the editor, Rev. J. W. Hanson, wrote it. But we were fresh from read-

ing Dr. Ryder's capital sermon suggested by the case of Mr. Hepworth, and we thought there were traces of the same pen ; and we imagined that he was mixed up editorially somehow with "The New Covenant." But no matter. Whoever writes the editorials of "The New Covenant," it is plain that somebody is behind them who has very strong convictions, and that he holds them and sets them forth with unfaltering fealty to Christ, and in a spirit of liberality and charity. Whoever reads them will see that "liberal Christianity" can have breadth and comprehension, without the least compromise of faith or the least questioning of the divine authority of Revelation.

CARLYLE AND "THE COMMONWEALTH." In the March number of the Magazine, we gave a very brief synopsis of Dr. Manning's critique on Carlyle contained in "Half-truths and the Truth." In that critique Dr. Manning having given the outlines of Carlyle's political doctrines and pantheistic morality, showing how they lead to perpetual revolution, then shows how a man living in such chaos is to arm himself with courage and get the victory over his fears. In this connection, Dr. Manning cites a famous passage from "Sartor Resartus." He does not cite it as if *Carlyle* had applied it in this connection, but as showing what resource a man is to have with Carlyle for his moral teacher in meeting the conflicts in the whirls of revolution. We copied it, perhaps, in our too brief synopsis, leaving the impression that it is "torn from its connection." So says the critic in "The Commonwealth." If so, let the reader turn to Dr. Manning's lecture, to call attention to which was the object of our brief notice, and he will see that it is neither misquoted nor misapplied there ; and, moreover, he will find a review of Carlyle's political and moral system, so far as he has any system, which, in our judgment, does ample justice to his inhuman and godless theories.

OLD LATIMER lived in corrupt times, and preached before Lords and Privy Councillors, among whom were defaulters to the King's treasury. This was his style of touching the conscience : "Alack, alack ! make restitution. For God's sake, make restitution ! You will cough in hell else so all the devils there will laugh at your coughing. There is no remedy but restitution, or else hell." After one of these sermons Latimer said a man brought him privately five hundred pounds to be refunded to the King's treasury. Pity we had not a few Latimers to act as chaplains in the custom-houses and in some of our legislatures and courts of justice.

BOSTON has just completed fifty years under its city charter. Fifty years ago it had a population of forty-five thousand. Curious it is to go back to its beginnings and compare things then, with things now with its two hundred and forty thousand inhabitants. In 1634, Wood gives this description of Boston :—

“Its situation is very pleasant, being a peninsula hemmed in on the South side with the bay of Roxberry, on the North side with Charles River, the marshes on the back side being not half of a quarter of a mile over, so that a little fencing will secure the cattle from wolves. It being a neck and bare of wood, they are not troubled with three great annoyances, of wolves, of rattlesnakes and mosquitoes.”

Four years later it is described as “rather a village than a town, consisting of no more than twenty or thirty houses.” Boston continues undisturbed by wolves and rattlesnakes ; how about the “mosquitoes”?

THE FIRST PRINTING-PRESS IN AMERICA was set up at Cambridge “as an appendage of Harvard College.” It was deemed too important an enginery for good or for mischief to go at large, so it was placed under the special control of the President of the College (See Chaplin’s *Life of Dunster*). Among the good things which it sent forth was a version of the Psalms for public worship made under the supervision of President Dunster himself, because he was “one of the greatest masters of the Oriental languages that hath been known in these ends of the earth.” A Mr. Richard Lyon, however, assisted in revising and *polishing*. How finely he polished a specimen will show. The following is from the seventeenth edition of the Dunster Psalm-book :—

“O blessed man that walks not in
Th’ advice of wicked men,
Nor standeth in the sinner’s way
Nor scorers seat sits in.

“But he upon Jehovah’s law
Doth set his whole delight,
And in his law doth meditate
Both in the day and night.

“He shall be like a planted tree
By water brooks which shall
In his due season yield his fruit
Whose leaf shall never fail.

"And all he doth shall prosper well;
The wicked are not so;
But they are like unto the chaff
Which wind drives to and fro.

"Therefore shall not ungodly men
In judgment stand upright,
Nor in th' assembly of the just
Shall stand the simple wight.

MR. WHIPPLE'S EXPOSITION OF EMERSON. We by no means meant to take anybody to task, but to show in the best-natured way possible that the stanza from Emerson did not cover the whole field of Unitarian preaching. That it covers, as expounded below, an important field of Unitarian theology must be admitted. It should be said, however, that man's free agency is held, not only by Unitarians, but by the Arminians in all sects, Methodist, Episcopalian and New-School Calvinist; for the New-School Orthodox, as represented by Beecher, believe, they say, as Calvin *ought* to believe if he lived in the middle of the nineteenth century. That is their Calvinism. But let the writer of the article on Emerson explain the text for himself. We take it from "The Daily Globe" of April 8, — a new daily, as the reader ought to know, which takes an independent position, and furnishes a great variety of news, local and political, and valuable literary criticism: —

"In his 'Random Readings,' Dr. Sears takes somebody to task for saying that the following verse, by Mr. Emerson, contains the 'pith' of all the Unitarian sermons ever preached: —

'So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."'

"Dr. Sears asks: 'Has this writer heard the fifteen thousand Unitarian sermons which have been preached?' God forbid! The word 'pith' has a force which Dr. Sears does not appear to feel. In the first line we have the noblest of all statements of the Unitarian doctrine of 'the dignity of human nature;' in the second, a repudiation of the orthodox theory that man is by nature hostile to his Maker; in the third and fourth lines, an emphatic affirmation of the freedom of the will, and of man's capacity to do his duty. But suppose, says Dr. Sears, the youth replies, 'I can't.' Well, the remedy for this weakness has been supplied by other sects. The Unitarians try to kindle his moral energies up to the point of saying, 'I can;' if they do not succeed, the orthodox churches then step in, and put him into one of their numerous moral

infirmaries for invalid souls. But moral inability or impotence is not a doctrine preached in any one of the fifteen thousand Unitarian sermons which Dr. Sears refers to—that is, if the sermonizers were Unitarian theologians, as distinguished from ‘orthodox’ theologians. The great strength of the latter is in the frequency with which the youth despairingly exclaims, ‘I can’t!’ and the Unitarians are very naughty indeed if they poach on the domains of their neighbors. They must not pretend to enjoy the advantages both of heterodoxy and orthodoxy. If they stand for anything they stand for an Ideal of human nature, a possibility of manhood and womanhood, rather than for the ordinary fact. Dr. Sears might learn something, even theologically, from the anecdote of the willful little girl who pestered the life of her mother by her freaks of disobedience. ‘If you continue to be wicked,’ the mother solemnly said, ‘Jesus will not love you.’ ‘Oh, yes, he will,’ was the reply; that’s what he’s *for*.’ There can be no doubt that ‘the pith’ of all distinctively Unitarian sermons ever preached is in opposition to this doctrine, though the doctrine itself is accepted by the great body of the religious world. When the youth says decidedly, ‘I can’t,’ he should pass at once into one of those churches whose system of faith and discipline is expressly devised to meet his confession of moral inability. Of course, Unitarians have their own theory of divine influence and of divine aid to man’s struggling virtue; Dr. Sears has effectively done his part in expounding it from his own point of view; but the theory fundamentally rests on Mr. Emerson’s line, ‘So *near* is God to man.’ The generally accepted notion is that unregenerate man is very distant from God; is engaged in a rebellion against him; and can only be brought to this ‘nearness’ to his Maker by a special exercise of divine grace, brought to bear on the individual selected to be saved.”

THE ADULTERATION OF MILK has excited the earnest attention of the Boston consumers and has originated the “Consumers Protective Association.” We judge from “The Transcript” that they have succeeded in securing to the consumers milk which has not been *watered*, and that they are bent on securing milk which has not been *skimmed*. Are they aware that milk may be adulterated in a worse form than watering it, and that, too, before it is taken from the cow? There are certain kinds of feed which will increase largely the *quantity* of milk, but which will make it deteriorate in quality in a corresponding degree. “Brewers’ grain,” which is now fed largely and extensively to milch cows, has just that effect; and for ourselves we much prefer milk that has been watered, provided the water is clean, to milk adulterated with the qualities of brewers’ grain. It is well known that milk producers always select the cows that give the most milk, which often are the ones that give the poor-

est; and when fed with food that secures an unnatural quantity it becomes poorer yet. Good Jersey cows, properly fed, will give milk which, *after it is skimmed*, is much richer than some milk which supplies the market. This we know by experience. There is no sense in holding milk at a uniform market price. Consumers should fix a scale of prices, be willing to give twice as much for good Jersey cow's milk even after it is skimmed, than any wash from the stalls produced by poor feeding, and the matter would soon regulate itself.

NO CONVERSATION EXCEPT IN LATIN was allowed in Cambridge College or on its grounds, in the days of Dunster. So says Dr. Chaplin. We fear that such a rule in modern times would doom the social life of the colleges to a total non-intercourse, or to the dumb show of deaf-and-dumb asylums.

THE ROMISH INQUISITION. There is a general impression, we believe, that this is a thing of the past, not of this enlightened nineteenth century. If so, they will be surprised to learn that it still exists, that its officers meet every month at Rome, that it has underground communication with all parts of the world, and very possibly, reader, ramifies into your own neighborhood. It is very true that its sharpest fangs have been extracted, but it has some remaining which it can use on occasion. We extract the following from "The Christian World," the organ of the American and Foreign Christian Union, published at New York:—

"THE ROMISH INQUISITION. — ITS JURISDICTION OVER BOOKS AND LITERATURE.

"TITLE. — HOW COMPOSED.

"The Inquisition is the executive power of the Romish Church. Its official title is, '*Congregation of the Holy Inquisition of the Faith and Punishment of heretical pravity.*' It usually styles itself on official documents the *Congregation of the Holy Office*, and the legend on its seal is, 'Holy Inquisition of the Faith.' It is composed of seventy members appointed by the Pope, who, since the days of Pius V., has been the Inquisitor-in-Chief. They meet every Monday in a room in the Vatican. The old palace of the Inquisition was destroyed by the liberal government, in 1848, who decreed the erection of a pillar commemorating the event. But before the design could be executed, the Pope was restored, and with him the Inquisition.

"At the head of the Congregation is a Cardinal, styled the Prefect. The next officer in rank is the sub-Prefect, who may be a Cardinal or

otherwise. The other members are Bishops, Monsignori, and Dominican friars. The Inquisition having been founded by Dominic de Guzman, the order of friars of which he was the head, the Dominicans, have always enjoyed a prescriptive right to all offices below the rank of vice-Prefect. This body of seventy, whose deliberations are frequently presided over by the Pope in person, is the *main* body of the Inquisition. But it is assisted in its work, which extends over all Christendom, by a large number of *Pro-Inquisitors*, whose exact number is known only to the Pope. The Bishop of every diocese is one of these, and is bound to carry out the decisions of the main body, as far as possible, and report to the Inquisition regularly every month. By means of these reports, the Holy Office is felt at the extremities of the earth. As Joseph Mazzini said long ago, 'the Inquisition has its hand clutched upon the throat of mankind.'

"DIVISION INTO THREE CONGREGATIONS OR COMMITTEES.

"The Inquisition is assisted by three other Congregations or sub-committees: (1.) *The Congregation of Studies*. (2.) *The Congregation of the Index*. (3.) *The Congregation of Rites*.

"Each of these is presided over by a Cardinal Prefect, and has its due staff of officers. The first takes cognizance of all educational matters. The second takes cognizance of all books, publications, newspapers, authors and editors, in every part of the world wherever there is a Catholic Bishop or priest. The third has control of all dispensations, indulgences, relics, and ceremonies, and the granting of licenses to the clergy to perform their official functions. Each Congregation is liable to have its proceedings emended or set aside by the Prefect of the Inquisition in the name of his Holiness. *His* decision can only be reversed by the Pope.

"THE CONGREGATION OF THE INDEX,

Prohibitory and Expurgatory, meets on the first Monday in every month. If the Prefect cannot preside, his place is supplied by the vice-Prefect. The Congregation consists of consulters, examiners, assistant consulters, and a secretary, who is always Master of the Sacred Palace (the Pope's residence). The librarian is one of the assistant consulters. The first business of the meeting is to receive foreign reports, which the secretary has condensed, taking note only of points of interest. These reports allude to books and literature and their authors, and what action, if any requires to be taken respecting them. They are sometimes very voluminous, and afford the Inquisition most minute information on matters passing in all parts of the world. The reports being read, the President asks for suggestions. Supposing that certain books are presented, which in the opinion of the Pro-Inquisitors might be serviceable to the Church if emended and expurgated, the particular passages requiring such emendation are cited

and examined. The performance of this task is then assigned to one of the consulters who is a priest, and frequently a Doctor of Sacred Theology.

“BOOKS EMENDED OR PROHIBITED.

“The author is duly notified, if a Catholic and within Catholic jurisdiction, of the emendations necessary in his book, ere it can receive the approval of the Congregation. If he expresses regret, and prints the next edition with the expurgations, his book is allowed to go scot free. He pays a fee for the exercise of the Inquisition (jurisdiction of the Index) in mutilating and emasculating his work, amounting to twenty-five scudi [a scudo is a Roman dollar, about equal in value to \$1 U. S. currency] for a quarto volume, twenty scudi for an octavo, and the same proportion for the size of the volume. If the work is declared to be heretical and noxious to faith and morals, it is ordered to be placed on the prohibited list of the Index. In this case, notice is sent of the book and its author to the Prefect of the Inquisition. For, if the author of the prohibited book is a Catholic and accessible he has to be *‘dealt with,’* in the body. But if he is not amenable to corporeal correction, his soul is liable, and he is therefore excommunicated. His book is marked with a red cross, and when a number so marked are collected, they are bored through with a small auger, and impaled upon a stake; to one end of which is attached a list of books upon the stake, and a label marked with a red P. The Inquisitor in impaling the books is required to say:—

“*Be accursed! And thus be it done unto the body of thy writer! In the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost!*”

“He then crosses himself, and the by-standers reply, *‘Amen!’*”

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER FORMED BY LABOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

VIRTUE is the fruit of toil. Nothing great is given without exertion. We must work in order to procure our daily bread; we must work in order to relish it; we must work in order to digest it. And it will not impart to us its highest nutriment unless our daily labor for it is united with prayer. Through labor we attain a station of honor or usefulness; through labor we prepare ourselves for it; and through labor we perform its duties. The world is one great field of labor; and he who thinks himself exempted from it is robbed of that through which alone the manly elements of character can be brought out. No excellence, and least of all the spiritual greatness which consists in the harmonious development of our whole nature, can be attained without exertion. The perfect proportions of a matured Christian character may not suggest to us

the idea of labor ; but it has been the slow result of laborious and faithful toil. As the statue, which from its perfect finish suggests to us no idea but that of beauty and repose, has been the product of painful thought and labor day after day, month after month, and perhaps year after year, and the amount of labor expended upon it is that which makes it seem like a spontaneous growth : so with the highest of human characters. The exquisite proportions, the blending of sweetness and strength, the union of the true, the beautiful, and the right with its own voluntary promptings, till they seem the motions of a spirit naturally attuned to each fine impulse, are nevertheless the results of days and months and years of thought and painful toil. As we listen to the rich and perfect harmonies that come from the instrument as if by their native instinct under the hands of some skillful performer, all seems as easy and unlabored as the melody of winds and waterfalls in the mountain forest. But the perfection which makes it seem like a voluntary utterance is all the result of labor. For this, though without knowing to what end it might be applied, the woodman has toiled, the huntsman has pursued his giant game through the jungles of a distant continent, while the miner in the deep caverns of the earth has been preparing the ore which, with the wood and ivory, shall be employed in making the instrument. And then the mechanic, who with slow and patient labor has learned his art, shall prepare for the performer, who like them has been laboriously engaged, note by note, weeks, months, and years, till now we listen to the result of all this various toil as if it were the unstudied, spontaneous warbling of an inspired instrument. Such and so prepared is the perfection of the human soul. As we listen to its deep and solemn melodies, as we perceive its rich and various powers all harmoniously combined, — thought, feeling, action, flowing on together in the cheerfulness of a Christian life, sending forth its notes of sorrow under trial, but still notes of music, or its tones of joy and manly daring, sympathizing with the gentlest of human feelings and giving strength to the strong, — when we see this we feel as if a life so natural, so harmonious, and acting with so much ease and grace, were the easy and spontaneous growth of a soul peculiarly inspired. But it is not so. Through sorrow, through all the varied experiences and toils of life, through days and months and years of prayerful study and labor, has that soul been forming itself into the instrument of thought, emotion, utterance, which we now behold, and which excites in us emotions of love and reverence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOD-MAN. By L. T. Townsend, D.D., Professor in the School of Theology, Boston University. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This book is better than most books of its class. It indicates a wider survey of the subject, and a more careful and extended preparation. Up to a certain point, it is liberal and truthful. But it is the work of an advocate who sits down to prepare a case with a fixed purpose to set aside all the evidence that goes against it, and to bring in all that can be forced or subsidized to its support. It is, as we have said, a favorable specimen of the class to which it belongs. And, constituted as we human beings are, the class is one that cannot be entirely dispensed with. Only, every man who reads books of this sort should remember that he is reading, not a complete treatise containing the results of a thorough and impartial investigation, but only the argument of a one-sided advocate.

There are better things in the book before us than we shall quote. But the passages we quote will show its general purpose and temper.

"It was . . . firmly held by the Apostles that Christ should be regarded by men as the object of supreme worship. There is not, among the New Testament writings, the least hesitation upon this subject [p. 226]. Upon an examination of his [Paul's] writings, he will be found to express no hesitation in ascribing to Jesus titles, attributes, and works which belong only to deity. Impressive are the following: 'The blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords' (1 Tim. vi. 15); 'Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever' (Rom. ix. 5); 'the God who was "manifest in the flesh"' (1 Tim. iii. 16); . . . 'The great God and our Saviour' (Titus ii. 10, 13); . . . 'Who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God' (Phil. ii. 6)."

Now any scholar who examines these quotations in the original Greek, as we have it in the best editions of the New Testament, knows perfectly well that not one of them requires, and only two of them will allow, the interpretation that Dr. Townsend puts upon them. The whole paragraph is an appeal to the ignorance of his readers. Take the passage in 1 Timothy vi. 15, where the expression "blessed and only Potentate" cannot possibly apply to Christ. The whole passage is well translated in our common version: "un-

til the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, which in his times *he* shall show who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto; whom no man *hath seen, nor can see.*" Romans ix. 5 may with equal propriety be translated as it is in our version or as follows: "of whom as concerning the flesh, Christ came, he who is over all, God, be blessed forever." In 1 Timothy iii. 16, as all Christian scholars who have looked into the subject know, the best manuscripts omit the word "God," and it reads as follows: "Great is the mystery of godliness [as to him] who was manifest in the flesh," &c. Titus ii. 13 reads thus: "Looking for the blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and of our Saviour, Jesus Christ." Philippians ii. 6 is thus translated by Neander, a Trinitarian: "who being in the form of God did not eagerly claim equality with God, but emptied himself," &c. (Neander on Philippians, p. 101). Other Trinitarian commentators prefer this rendering.

We are not arguing for or against the doctrine of the "God-Man." We are only reviewing the book before us, and we say that such reasoning as this can find no acceptance among scholars. Its power depends entirely on the ignorance of those to whom it is addressed.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT CHAMBERS, with Autobiographic Reminiscences of William Chambers. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.

This book gives a minute and interesting account of the early struggles and the faithful and persevering labors by which Robert and William Chambers rose from the smallest beginnings to great prosperity and distinction. It is in all respects a healthful and useful, as well as an entertaining, book.

LIFE OF HENRY DUNSTER, first President of Harvard College. By Jeremiah Chaplin, D.D. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

This is the life of one of the best of men told by one in full sympathy with his spirit. The book is an exceedingly interesting piece of biography, and carries us into the very heart of the old Puritan times from 1640 to 1660. It abounds in incident and anecdote illustrating the spirit and intolerance of the old Puritan theocracy, through all which the meek and saintly Dunster bore himself with Christian virtues and graces which should make his name fragrant

through all time. He was President of Harvard College fourteen years, — that is, from 1640 to 1654, — but fell among “the briars of anti-pedobaptism.” He became a Baptist, in short, and for this was driven from office, and besides was worried and prosecuted in the civil courts. He retired finally to Scituate, which was within the milder jurisdiction of the Plymouth Colony, where he died. The whole story is a very interesting and touching one, and told with a candor and simplicity that find their way to the heart of the reader. It makes a duodecimo volume of three hundred and fifteen pages.

BIBLE MUSIC. By Francis Jacox, B.A. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

The author appropriately calls his book variations in many keys. It contains a great many curious things, — anecdotes, extracts from various authors, strung on a slender thread of unity. The notes furnish more matter than the text. You may begin anywhere in the book, and read in any direction, and it makes little difference. You may begin at the beginning and read forward, or at the end and read backward, or in the middle and read outward, or at the top of the page and read downward, or at the bottom among the notes and read upward. In whatever direction, the reader will alight, before he gets far, on something quaint and curious about music, — sometimes, however, suggesting the subject very remotely and indirectly.

THE AUGUST STORIES is a new book for boys, by Jacob Abbott. It describes a voyage from Boston to New York in the schooner “Mary Ann” with the two boys, for passengers, August and Elvie. The talk of the boys, in which August takes the lead, reveals what they saw, and explains a great deal about schooners, about barometers and thermometers, about the sea, about fishing, and various other matters very useful for boys to learn. The prime merit of Mr. Abbott’s books is that the boys always get something from them which they ought to know when they become men. They learn it in a very agreeable way, and through Mr. Abbott’s simple, transparent style which never relapses into slang. It is boy’s talk, yet in English pure and undefiled. The book is published by Dodd & Mead, and is in clear print and beautiful binding.

SERMONS ON ECCLESIASTICAL SUBJECTS, by Archbishop Manning, are written with great vigor and a full, unquestioning faith in Ro-

man Catholicism which it is marvelous to see. Every Protestant ought to be acquainted with Catholic literature in order to get the Catholic view-point and understand its spirit. He will no longer question the sincerity of some of the leading minds of the Roman Catholic Church. We commend especially the sermon in this book on "The Blessed Sacrament the Centre of Immutable Truth" as revealing the status of the Catholic mind, — a sermon, by the way, which Protestants may read without the least danger of being converted. The same may be said of all the sermons in the collection, fervent and vigorous as they are. "The Catholic Publication Society," New York, are the publishers.

We have received from the publishers, Lee & Shepard, *CREATOR AND CREATION*; or *The Knowledge in the Reason of God and His Work*, by Laurens P. Hicock. It is a work of a strong orthodox thinker, making three hundred and sixty pages of compact thought. We rejoice to meet with a book which is some task upon the reader's intellect. It is not to be read hastily, and we will report of it with due care and attention. It is on a subject of absorbing interest, especially at this time when there is so much drift towards pantheism.

WILFRID CUMBERMEDE. New York: Scribner & Co.

This, MacDonald's last work, we do not think equal to most of his previous works. The greater number of his books have been what are called religious novels, and have been uncommonly successful as such, both entertaining and instructive. In Wilfrid Cumbermede, however, we continually lose the thread of the story in the mazes of conversations which have seemed to us very confusing. We miss the practical advice which we have been accustomed to find in his other works. It is, nevertheless, entertaining and, the first part especially, full of charming sketches.

JEAN INGELow ranks in the first class of living poets. She has written stories for children, woven of sweet and beautiful fancies. Roberts Brothers have just published the second series, — *STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD*, with sixteen illustrations. The stories are very gracefully told, with a pure moral tone pervading them, and they combine charmingly both lesson and recreation for the little folks.